The SATURDAY EVENING POST.

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DREAMS.

FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST,

BY ELLA WHEELER.

From the drear view of leafless trees,
And bleak moors wrapped in chilly fogs,
I turn my weary eye away,
And seek the fire of blazing logs.
And in its ruddy glow and gleam,
I sit me down to think and dream.

Ah! years agone I sat like this,
And dreamt out dreams of future days;
I built my castles, golden spired,
And watched them towering in the blaze.
But all my ships went down at sea;
And life holds little now for me.

And so I do not dream as then
Of future joy and bliss to-night;
The figures are not myths that I
Am tracing in the wierd fire-light.
But, dropping all my grief and pain,
I view the happy past again.

I see the old home as it looked
In the dead years when life was sweet;
I see the forms that filled it then,
I hear the echoes of their feet.
And, wafted from the joyous throng,
I catch the ripple of a song.

The youthful faces that I loved,
Close round me in a perfect band;
And some are light, and some are dark,
And all are fair—but one is grand.
Nor tongue can tell, nor pencil trace,
The kingly splendor of that face.

I feel my cold hands clasped and held—
And rapture fills my soul the while.
I tremble with an awful joy,
Beneath the glory of his smile.
And in the love-light of his eyes,
My glad heart finds its paradise.

The fire falls gray upon the hearth,
The night-wind rises with a moan,
I shiver at the mournful sound,
And wake to find myself alone.
The ashes hold no pictures, save
A shroud, a coffin, and a grave.

THE MYSTERY OF THE REEFS

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

BY MRS. MARGARET HOSMER.

CHAPTER I.

THE DEATH SCENE.

A little town called Pasco, lies to the southward of Santander, on the Asturian coast of Spain.

A mere fishing hamlet, with a ruinous old convent high up among the shelving rocks—a broad beach, with thin, dark woods rising beyond, and an open, sandy road leading around the hill base to the forest country far away.

Here I had passed my life, or all of it I could remember; and here, years ago, I sat in a neglected old house one stormy night, whilst the wind roared and howled without, rattling the crazy casement, and whistling like a belated traveller, who, through the keyhole, demands admittance. In one of the two rooms that were habitable, a fire had blazed and crackled cheerily through the twilight; but seated on a little stool before it, I had watched it break into glowing coals, that in their turn fell into ashy heaps and smouldered drearily. I was thinking. Is there a moment in childhood when memory and reason struggling together suddenly give life to thought?

It seemed so to me, for from that time my life grew distinct and plain—the rest as I recall it is but a misty dream.

Pasco was the world to me, the only one I knew; but there was some place beyond it, I could not doubt, since my uncle had told me so and taught me the language they spoke there. My uncle, the only relative I knew, was a small, handsome man, with a delicately pale face and slender figure. He was an Englishman—by name, Guy Herbert—I called him Guy, because he had taught me to do so I suppose; but I knew he was my uncle, for the good Sister Leoda had told me so when I went to the convent for my daily lessons.

I had not been at the convent for months past—Guy was ailing; and I, a strong, tall girl of fourteen, could watch and wait on him easily. I had never seen any one ill before—and although I think I found my indoor life an irksome change from my wild gambols on the shore among the fisher's girls, I cannot remember being alarmed or startled by the death shade that slowly settled on my uncle's face. I was very fond of him; it would have been strange had I not loved him, being so isolated from all else. Sister Leoda gave me my daily lessons, that was all. She prayed whilst I studied, and only paused in her orisons to listen to my recitations, and then caught them up again like a dropped thread in knitting.

I had often watched and thought of her in her unending devotions, but I never grew to love her. In the early morning I climbed and wandered here and there among the rocks at will; there was nothing living in sight but the woodman, or the water-carrier

"FOR I HAD KISSED THE DEAD!"

and his mules, for the fisher's daughters were at home busily mending nets or plying some useful household toil—but when it was nearly sunset they would rush out to join me, freed from their daily labor, and we would chase each other over the sands, or build shell walls along the shore.

The fire was dying unheeded on the hearth. Whilst it was yet gleaming brightly and filling the room with its ruddy light, I had gone close to the low couch where Guy lay, thinking I heard him stir or speak. I was mistaken—he was lying white and quiet as the marble image in the convent oratory, and pausing to watch him, I fell to thinking of the long, narrow strip of ground where tall rank grass seemed ever waving beyond the chapel walls. The slit-like windows of the convent parlor looked into it, and I had counted the green mounds ranged side by side, with a white cross at the head of each, without a thought of the forgotten sleepers beneath, many and many a time. But now the picture, like an icy touch, woke me to shuddering forebodings. A sense of coming loneliness crept over me. Other girls had parents—where were mine? Dead—Guy had told me; dead long ago, in a country far away; and that was all I was to know. But it did not satisfy me now, although hitherto I had been content to hear what I was told, and ask no further.

A sinking dread stole upon me with the rising wind without, that heralded a storm upon the sea; a weight of fear and loneliness, new and most terrible, burdened my heart, and I stole back to the wide hearth and cowered before it.

I should speak to Guy when he awoke, and pray of him to have the widow Maretto, who washed our clothes and cooked our food, leave her tiny hut upon the beach and live with us entirely; then I should ask him when my father and mother died—and all about the home they used to have—and yes, yes, why did I never think of it before? I should beg him to tell me who the tall woman was I had often beheld like a figure in a dream stealing across the chamber where I slept, in a strange dress unlike anything I had ever seen a village woman wear.

Recalling it now, it seems curious that I had never spoken to Guy of her—but then he was not a man to question; grave, sad and strangely silent, there was nothing to tempt confidence or waken sympathy in the intercourse we held with each other.

The fire fell to ashes, and I must have dropped asleep at the same moment—not a real slumber, but a drowsy, troubled state, that reflected the mysterious fear I felt without knowing its cause. Some one seemed to move beside me; I could feel the air stirred by the dress that rustled past my face. A light shot up upon the hearth and showed me the woman's form again; the same I had seen so often before in the night, but never by the light of day.

I half awoke and raised myself, for I had fallen on the rug spread on the hearth. I was only partially conscious; I had been dreaming of great high waves tossing a tiny ship at sea, and their booming roar mingled with the crackling of the logs, and the form of the strange woman that flitted by me. She seemed to mend the fire with odd fuel. Long strips of written paper, letters, rolls of writing—and lastly, a pile of something like cloth, that seemed to smother all the rest.

It darkened, and I lost the moving figure, the glow, and everything. I slept again. Some one called me. I had left the ship, and was far away in a luxuriant garden, where the sun was hot and the air sultry. Suddenly the sky seemed to darken, thunder moaned ominously, and heavy clouds were gathering over head. Through this pending storm the voice that called me broke—

"Honora! Honora!"

I sprung up with that lost, bewildered feeling belonging to busy dreamers. It was Guy's voice, and the room was bright with light and fire. I stood a moment to think, pushing back my long hair and looking around me.

On the table burnt two tall wax candles, such as we had never used before, and over against the wall, on a shelf, shone our usual evening light.

The fire had been replenished, but shreds of black tinder, like burnt cloth, were strewed around the hearth and flying through the air. Without, the sea broke with a steady roar, the wind beat fiercely round the cottage, and went howling up through the mountain passes.

"Honora, Honora," Guy spoke in a broken, changed voice, and I hurried to him. He was sitting on the bed, with a loose mantle that he wore thrown around him, and had altered sadly in the last few hours. His face was sharp and white, and something oppressed him so that he struggled for breath as he spoke. "Honora, it is a dreadful night, but you must go to the convent. I must see Father Bertram, and you must bring him to me. For the love of heaven make haste! there is no time to lose."

He seemed stifled for want of air, and to impress me with the necessity for speed, exerted himself beyond his power and sank back gasping.

"Guy," I prayed, "dear Guy, oh! tell me what is ailing you. You were not so this morning. Can I do nothing? Oh, let me go to Doctor Santaro's. I do not mind the night, and I know the road on the highway, or Pequinio, the carrier, will take a message."

He shook his head, and murmuring "Father Bertram," pointed to the door imploringly, but could say no more.

A thick, loose mantle lay on a chair beside me. I caught it up, and winding it about me, cast on him a hasty glance that filled me with distress, and hurried away. I closed the wide and ricketty door, and the wind seized me like a giant and carried me away with it, whirling my mantle round my head and whistling in my ears triumphantly as it bore me on. There was confusion enough about me yet to make me struggle with my thoughts like one in a dream, as I crossed the plain that lay between the cottage and the convent hill. Voices seemed whispering to me, "Hurry, hurry." The shadows from the moon, across which great clouds sailed swiftly, seemed to be tall, ghostly figures stalking beside me, and a constant moaning filled the air like sobs between the fierce gusts of the storm. A sort of stairway cut in the earth and rocks led to the iron gateway above. I climbed it, with my garments flying and the wind catching away my gasping breath, and loudly rang the bell.

Old Sister Bertholda opened it, wondering to see me in such weather, and I hurried onward to the inner hall, where Father Bertram, on his way from vespers in the chapel, met me.

"Come to Guy," I cried. "Oh, Father Bertram, he is worse than you can think; come to him, for the love of God, he prays you come at once!"

He spoke a word or two, I scarcely knew what, but I saw by his face that he would follow me, so I waited for no more, but sped away as I had come, on the wings of the wind.

But this time it beat against me wildly, shrieked at me defiantly, and seemed to threaten in hoarse howlings and shrill bursts of anger. Battling with it, I freed myself from my scarf, and the great drops of rain broke from the clouds and fell upon my head. I was near the threshold then, but so quick and drenching was the storm that I was wetted through before I could gain shelter.

"Is he coming?" The question came before I crossed the door sill. The voice was low and weak, but clearer and steadier than when I had heard it last. He was still half bent in a sitting posture; but when I told him that the priest would soon follow me, he sank back on the pillows and sighed, as if relieved from some distressful weight. The cloak he wore was lying on his breast; he seemed to gather it around him still more closely, and motioned me to come to him.

"Honora!" How low and soft his voice was; he spoke faintly, but with no sign of pain. "Honora, bring water in a basin and a linen cloth, darling; lose no time." He pointed to a stand by the chimney; the things he asked for were there, and I hastened to bring them close beside him, wondering the while to see them thus arranged; but when in a whisper he said, "Wash me," I wondered still more. He looked at me with eyes so solemn that they hold my troubled thoughts, and repeated, "Wash me as the dead are washed. Do this for me, Honora. God knows I have done much for you and yours."

I could not disobey him, though my hands trembled as I pressed the bit of wet linen and passed it carefully over his white face, that seemed terribly like marble as the water streamed upon it. With the dry cloth I wiped away the moisture, and then he raised his arms, displacing the mantle that covered him. I started with a sensation I have no words to express. He wore a woman's dress of a make and pattern unfamiliar to me, but still I was sure it was a woman's dress.

"Guy," I cried, faintly; but he drew up the long sleeves from his thin white arms and motioned to the water, without speaking; so I obeyed him, as I had done before. "Will you not speak to me, Guy, dear Guy?" I cried, and I fell on my knees beside the bed, catching the damp hand that had slipped through mine as I wiped it.

He drew the cloak once more around him and made an effort as if to rise, when the door opened and Father Bertram stood within it, making the sign of the cross.

I raised my head; the room was full of light, and Father Bertram's face was radiant with solemn peace. "God's blessing rest on you, Monica," he said.

"Father, He is lifting the burden from off me to-night," Guy answered, and his countenance reflected the strange tranquillity that beamed upon him. "The child has been busy, father," he continued, speaking more and more faintly, "and I am now in order for the grave." Here he drew aside the covering and smiled entreatingly. "Father, let it be so. Oh, let me be buried thus."

Had I known till then that the shadow creeping about my heart was death? Had I realized the awful power that was stealthily rising like a great cloud between me and all I knew on earth of human love or care?

I cannot tell, I must have dreaded it, but I felt it now, and my heart sank and almost died away within me in a sickening, hopeless pang. I staggered on my feet, and my face must have told the pain I felt, for the priest's kindly hand was on my head, and his words were full of gentle pity. "Honora, trust in God; go into your chamber and pray."

There was a lull in the storm, the rain had almost ceased to beat, it fell steadily in a soft, quiet shower that made a pleasant murmur upon the tiled roof. I prayed and wept, and wept and prayed alone, and the time seemed interminable in the mysterious silence, broken only by the dripping rain. I stole softly to the door; listened, but heard no sound; I sat upon my bedside, which drove me to praying and weeping again.

At last I raised the latch softly and glanced into the silent chamber.

Father Bertram knelt beside the bed, and Guy lay stretched upon it, but there was no sound or motion from either. I crept in softly and approached them. Father Bertram's face was nearest to me, and I saw that his lips moved in wordless prayer; a step farther, and Guy's figure, in its strange dress, was before me. Quiet and peaceful in every line it lay, the hands folded lightly, and the face disposed as in a sweet and blessed sleep. My footsteps broke the awful silence—the father raised his head.

"Better?" I asked, trembling at the sound of my own voice.

He answered me by drawing the coverlet over the sleeper, and leading me gently towards him. Obedient to a gesture, I stooped to kiss the firm, yet delicate mouth, that had softened into tenderer lines than I had ever known it wear before. I cried aloud. I fell upon the ground and beat upon my breast like one bereft of reason, rocking myself to and fro in desolate misery. I was alone in the world, utterly alone, for I had kissed the dead.

CHAPTER II.

THE SLEEPING DRAUGHT.

It must have been my nature to resist grief or pain, and battle with them as with a visible enemy. This was the first trouble I had ever known, and I thrust it from me with rebellious tears and cries.

It could not be real, I thought, it must be part of the confusing dreams I had had by the fireside. I must awaken presently and hear Guy's voice; it could not be that he had gone for ever, he would not leave me thus alone; and then I turned to the old priest crying, "Oh, father, bring him back to me! bring him back to me!"

In the midst of my ravings a slow, solemn sound broke upon the air. I listened, and my breath was hushed. It was the convent bell tolling for the dead. What a fearful stillness followed each dying knell—the wind and rain were hushed, not a sound seemed rife on all the earth, or the wide sea, but that slow, tolling moan. As I listened my eye caught a raised light in the window that looked towards the hill. "That was a signal," I thought; "then Father Bertram knew that Guy was dying even before he came, while I can scarcely believe it now!"

After a time it ceased, and I crouched quietly on the rug beside the bed with a dull sense of pain in every nerve, but the passion of my grief had passed. The fire on the hearth crackled and glowed brightly; the priest remained in prayer while I sat, stunned and wretched, till two women entered. One of them, Mother Maretto, the other a person who dressed the dead. They spoke in whispers to Father Bertram, and glanced half curiously, half pitifully at me. By-and-by the other woman went away, and widow Maretto came and took a stool beside me at the fire. After a kindly meant word or two, and a few compassionate looks she began to grow weary, her head nodded forward, and presently she fell sound asleep. Then Father Bertram, after stooping over the bed in silence for a little while, rose and went away, and I was all alone.

I kept still for a time, to be sure he would not return, then seeing that the widow still slept, I got up and stole silently to the bed, and drew back the covering the priest had carefully placed over the body. In all the years my mind went back, I could not recall Guy looking as he looked then. The dreadful whiteness chilled me, but that was all; fuller, softer, gentler, and lovelier in every feature than I had ever known it, his face was inexpressibly beautiful.

Suddenly his words—the last I ever heard him speak about a burden to be lifted from him—came back to me. I marvelled over and could not understand them, and yet his face expressed the relief in every line of its sweet repose. The dress—now I grew full of wonder at the dress he had chosen so strangely as a burial robe—was of a rich, soft fabric, with shining flowers woven in it, and it struck my unaccustomed eyes with admiration. Its long, loose sleeves had frills of yellow lace upon them, and were of a design altogether unfamiliar to me.

His hands were lightly clasped upon his breast, but one of them—the right one—pressed something shining in its palm. The moment I marked it an irresistible desire to see it fully controlled me, and I drew it out, shivering as my fingers touched the dead, cold hand. It was a small key, much smoother and brighter than the convent keys, and more intricate in form. I had only held it an instant and seen this, when a slight stir and a cry of alarm from widow Maretto startled me, and I thrust it back.

"Mother of mercy," she screamed, "you have broken Father Bertram's command! He forbade so much as a finger being laid upon the corpse. Why have you done so?"

I shrank away from the threatening hand and angry look of the woman, and sunk into my old place in the corner near the head of the bed. Father Bertram had a strong hold on me, stronger than I could have fancied before; but now that Guy was gone, I turned in heart to the priest, and to offend or disobey him would be most repugnant to me. Yet a mysterious attraction kept my eyes fixed on the silent figure, and I longed earnestly to look on it again. By-and-by daylight came; it was a weary, long time in coming, and oh, what a strange, hopeless day it ushered in!

The brilliant blue of the cloudless sky looked mockingly on me; the soft air that had no trace of storm or darkness made the mad wind seem a disordered fancy of the gloomy night. What had past appeared

like a confused vision, from which I must presently awaken, and yet it was real too, and at times everything but death and desolation seemed blotted out of life, and the marble figure stretched in awful stillness divided me from myself of yesterday, and made the present full of clouds and sorrow.

The first hour after sunrise brought some of our neighboring fishers with a light litter, and carefully and timidly they lifted Guy's body, swathed as it was in the dark coverlet, and laying it on the bier, bore it up the winding pathway over the hill to the convent-gate.

Father Bertram was not there when they moved him, but that they had received strict instructions concerning the manner of doing so, I could not doubt, when I saw with what care they raised the drapery, so that no fold was stirred or displaced when they transferred the body to the litter.

A knot of people were gathered outside the doorway; silent and impressed they fell back as the men appeared with their burden, but when I, throwing my mantle round me, followed quickly in their footsteps, Riga Pequinio, the carrier's wife, came forward, and with a gentle touch held me back: "Poor girl," she said softly, "I am so sorry for you; come home to our cottage, and Madalena will stay with you. I will go out with her father in her stead, and she shall keep you company."

Madalena was a tall girl, a year or two older than I, with whom I had often romped at sunset when our games began. She could spring farther and run faster than any girl on the shore, and was my chosen companion in frolic and adventure; but her mother I had always feared until now. She was dark and forbidding, and calling me idler and drone, had often repelled me from the low, stone wall at the back of her cottage, where I used to go to call Madalena away from her labor to join our evening games. The change that sympathy and compassion had wrought in her hard brown features, made my loneliness more startling to me than spoken words could have done. I turned aside and burst into tears, as her rough hand moved softly over my drooping head. It was the widow Maretto who answered her.

"Thanks, Riga Pequinio," she said, haughtily. "You are very good, but the senorita will be well cared for. The Father Bertram has made her his especial charge, and she will go to the convent attended by me."

I was surprised at the gentleness of Riga, still more so by the widow Maretto bestowing on me the title of Senorita, and expending in my name so much dignity of manner. She drew me back into the deserted room, and closed the door.

"Sit here until I see that they have entered the gateway, and then we will follow to the convent,—it is Father Bertram's wish," she said.

I was very weak and cold, and trembled in every limb as I obeyed her.

But I neither spoke nor moved until she turned from her position at the casement and took my hand. We went out together, and passed through the little crowd growing larger every moment with new arrivals from the village, without a word on either side. I gave the kindly Riga a glance of thankfulness for her sympathy, which she returned by a double look which spoke regard and pity for me, and defiant contempt for widow Maretto's new-born pride.

The little parlor, where I had so often studied under the auspices of Sister Leoda, looked as if numberless years had passed since I entered it a few months before. It was a bare but cleanly room, long and narrow, like the two windows that lighted it at one end. In the upper part where a constant twilight reigned, was a murky picture of St. Agnes's Vision; beneath it a high hearse-like sofa, hard and slippery to sit upon, stretched along the wall; and further towards the light were two tables, one filled with lace and needle-work, done by the sisters for Santander, and the other with the books used in the lessons they gave. These, with some gaunt black chairs, completed the furniture of what was to me a grand apartment.

I was left here by widow Maretto's retiring to consult Father Bertram, and I sat looking at the light rippling on the hard, dark floor, with a chilly dullness stealing over me that had conquered and benumbed all other sensation. I don't know what time passed before I heard the deep sustained tones of the father's voice speaking to Lazarus Paulo, the most expert of the Paseo fishermen, and one who sometimes acted as pilot to vessels from Santander.

"He asked for an Englishman named Guy Herbert, and said that he was a connection of his, who had been a wanderer from home for many years. For the last few months he had been tracing this Mr. Guy Herbert from such guides as fishermen's gossip could furnish, but never found our little inlet, though the anxious yearning he felt to meet his friend should have lent him better fortune, he said. When he heard from me of the Englishman having lived here so many years, his eyes beamed with joy, and he blessed me with kind words and generous gifts."

"Paulo"—Father Bertram spoke slowly, and after a long pause—"you did well to tell me this. If, as he says, this stranger be related to Mr. Herbert, his death will be a shock for which we must prepare him. Tell me of his manner and appearance."

"He is young, and of a gay and happy presence, like—like—I cannot tell who just now; but 'tis some one whom I have seen. He will be here to-morrow, and then you can judge for yourself, father."

"Young?" Father Bertram repeated the word thoughtfully. "How young, Paulo?"

"Oh, may be twenty—maybe thirty; somewhere between the two; but very full of life and motion."

"Ah, here is the child!" Father Bertram in the doorway had caught sight of me. "Have you been sleeping here, Honora?"

I rose up without answering. I could think of no word to speak; my eyelids were falling closed, and I could scarcely stand.

"Where is Sister Leoda? Have you not seen her? Ah, Maretto,"—it was the widow, who now crossed the hall, returning from the chapel—"take this child to Sister Leoda; I found her sleeping here in the cold."

Mechanically I took the woman's hand and followed her. Two priests whom I had often seen before, met us crossing the broad hall, coming towards Father Bertram, who walked at one side.

"Let the body be buried as soon as the mass is over," he said, addressing them; "there are traces of a deadly fever about it, and this is a bad time of year for diseases to get abroad at Pasco."

"At what hour?" they asked.

He glanced out upon the sea from the open window beyond, paused, seemed to calculate, and then replied,

"Let the chapel be fully lighted—let a requiem be sung, and all the masses for the dead performed. There is a fresh wind blowing from the shore now, it will not change till sunset. Let it be then."

The heads of the two priests slightly bent in attention to the father's words, the long, black robes falling around them, and the blue sky at the open window against which their dark forms stood in relief, all were blotted out suddenly, and I fell down—down it seemed to me to an incalculable depth.

I awoke lying in one of the cells I had so often glanced into with awe, on one of the stone bedsteads that seemed so coffin-like to look at.

Sister Leoda stood by me with a cup of drink; when she saw that I was conscious of her presence, she gave it to me without a word, and I drank it in silence. It was coffee, but it acted on me like wine; in a moment a warm glow spread over all my body, and the life that seemed dying out came back. The sun was warmly streaming in on the bedfoot, and shooting out of the open doorway into the hall beyond like a widespread glory.

"Let me get up," I said. "I'm better now, and want to get out into the heat. A gust of solemn music swept down the passage-way, and crossed and mingled with the light; wave on wave of swelling melody flowed on and met the rippling gold of sunset. It carried away grief and confusion like a passing dream, and lifted up my soul in steadfast peace.

It was late—I had slept the long day through; the sound I heard was the swelling chant of a funeral hymn, and it was sung for Guy, the only being on earth that claimed me or that I could claim, and I was now completely alone. I looked towards the good sister, she had fallen upon her knees, as I had so often seen her, and seemed lost in unspoken prayer.

"I will lie down again," I said, "then you can go into the chapel."

She waited to see me sink into a feigned sleep, then, praying still, departed. I lay only so long as it might take her to cross the passage leading to the chapel aisle, and then I followed. I did not know why I stole along silently, but I had an instinctive fear that I should be intercepted if I were seen, and so I went among the shadows creeping stealthily.

In front of the altar—surrounded by burning candles—they had placed the coffin. I knew it would be there, yet I shuddered at the sight. The music had ceased, and Father Bertram stood beside it, chanting mass. High up the narrow windows in the wall shot down slender gleams of light that battled with the false glare of the tapers, and triumphed in their richer glow.

In the nooks of the stone work and behind the pillars, obscurity reigned undisturbed by either, and here I crouched unseen.

At last the organ pealed again, and pain and sorrow flew away once more, and I was borne above my desolation on the wings of that high strain.

They passed out slowly through the convent door, and I saw that almost all the villagers were there with solemn faces and bent heads. Father Bertram had gone first, and the two priests I had seen that morning and another whose face was new to me, were all that were left. They crossed themselves and spoke in whispers as they opened the door leading to the vault beneath the altar. Then they approached the coffin, speaking still, but in so low a tone that I could only catch the sound. It seemed to relate to a little door leading to the garden, and they went out together, closing it after them very softly. Scarcely breathing, I ran from behind the pillar and gained the altar, where the coffin stood. The lid was only laid upon it, and I raised it softly. Unchanged, the immovable face looked up at me full of that marvellous peace it had never known before. I stole my hand stealthily under the drapery, touched the icy fingers, started back, but returned, and touching them once more, felt the key that they encircled and drew it slowly from them. Still holding up the lid in my right hand, with my left I thrust it in my bosom, then with both strove to replace the heavy board. It slid from me, drawing me with it almost upon my face into the coffin. Terrified lest I should let it crash upon the stone floor, I struggled to keep my hold, and dragged it backward, planting my feet against the heavy trestles that upheld the coffin. A strong hand relieved me. I looked up in fright—it was Father Bertram, silent and impassive as he always was; his face gave no sign of anger at his transgressed command. He simply moved me aside and fastened down the lid. The little door opened, the priests returned, and we all four stood confused and abashed together The priest I did not know spoke.

"Father Bertram, I am much to blame," he said; "at this time of year I dread infection, and the terrible fever being so often fatal, I begged my brothers to go into the lodge and be sprinkled with vinegar and camphor. My poor life is of but little worth; 'twas for them I took the precaution."

Father Bertram continued to look unchangeably gentle.

"Your thought, good Brother Simon, was kind, but not perfectly wise, since this poor child in natural grief stole in to throw herself upon the body. There is fever here now, and I fear that not all the disinfecting drugs in Pasco will avail to save her."

He drew me with him gently and kindly into the convent aisle. A passage hitherto unknown to me opened to the left of the parlor. It led into a large, well lighted room, with some old pictures on the walls, some old books, a large crucifix, an altar, a small couch, and a few worn cushions here and there. Without speaking, he motioned me to sit, and then he looked at me. I was not afraid of him. I think I began to have a dawning of his meaning, and it filled me with a courage inexplicable to myself. I was only a child, but I had lived so strange a life that I had some of a woman's instincts.

"Honora," he said, "you are likely to be very ill, I fear, but heaven may in mercy avert the too bitter punishment of your disobedience to your spiritual father."

"I was so little prepared for such a loss, father; I did not even know that he was very ill," I murmured in a broken voice."

"Aye, you loved him well, Honora. He was faithful to you, and would have talked with you at the last had not his mind began to wander. Poor Guy." He looked at me narrowly as he spoke, and his impenetrable eye read me without showing me one thought of his own.

There was a little silence. He seemed to meditate awhile; then he asked suddenly, "Did you feel alarmed at his ravings?"

"Oh, father, I cannot tell—it was all so new, so terrible—I never saw any one die, and it was awful."

He sighed and shook his head.

"The whims of wandering minds are sacred when death approaches," he said. "I had to yield last those last solemn moments should be disturbed by violent frenzy; but it was no sight for you, my child, no sight for you!"

It was natural for me to weep then and I wept, feeling that emotion would be my best shield. That there was some mystery connected with poor Guy that Father Bertram guarded even from me, his relative; that his last act of robing himself in the strange dress he wore should have become a dangerous thing for me to see, and that my presence at his coffin with the raised lid in my hand had added to the Father's distrust, I knew and felt.

The key! had Father Bertram sought it? It seemed improbable, and in thinking of it I suddenly remembered to have seen it in Guy's dying hands when I had washed them, and that he had changed it from one to the other in a secret way. It may have been this that made me so determined to possess it; it may have appeared to me as the only clue the dead man left me of my own mysterious life; I may have thought that he meant to give it to me with some last behest, if I could have been at his side when he died. I cannot recall now the many reasons that grew together in a firm resolve to secure it, and having done so to keep it despite every effort the priest might make to wrest it from me. He made none, however, but sat and looked at me with an eye that searched mine, and told me nothing in return.

I have said that I did not fear him then; I had not a timid nature, and I was quick in divining others. Some instinct whispered to me that he was revolving in his thoughts a serious plan concerning me, and that to betray any frightened consciousness of it would bring me to harm. Instincts were the only guides my untutored mind could claim, and I obeyed them and returned his look as quietly as I had power to do. At length he drew his breath in a half sigh and changed his posture; then he motioned me to rise and come to him. When I stood at his side he took my hand and felt it lightly with his fingers.

"I feared, child, that the fever was coming on you. I should be sorry if it were really so, but now I have a hope it may be foiled."

"Is it a dangerous fever, father?" I asked.

"A fatal fever," he answered.

"What can I do? Is there no medicine for it? My flesh is not hot—fever burns, and I am shivering," I cried, feeling my hands and head, and shrinking with indescribable terror from an illness, which even while I feared it, my reason told me did not exist.

"There is a draught which I will mix for you, you will drink it and fall into a peaceful sleep, from which you will awake refreshed, for heat and sleep are good medicines."

He rose and took up an earthen bowl from a little stand beside him; into it he poured some colorless fluid that he found in a small vial in a niche with others. The room was full of a strong, disagreeable smell, like gas or pitchy smoke, and it made me shudder as he held the bowl towards me, after filling it with water. I did not want to take it, and I felt it was no medicine for fever, but I simply swallowed it without a word, because he gave it to me. I watched him as I drained the bowl.

"It is unpleasant, but only for a moment," he said, answering my look.

He spread the couch smoothly and motioned me towards it. I lay down, and lost the power of raising even my finger the next instant. My mind became a great whirling circle of light, and my thoughts seemed like stars that shot and gleamed through it; everything that had passed was plain to me, but I feared nothing.

"This is Father Bertram, the priest, here," I thought, and my thoughts seemed swifter than lightning. "I am in his hands, and he has two minds concerning me—why, I cannot tell. I may never live to know." But all dread or sorrow had passed from me in the quick, wild thrill of the draught I had taken.

An irresistible desire to talk overcame me; to tell about the dead man so strangely dressed; to recall the wild wind that howled about me the night I had hurried to the convent and summoned the priest to the death-bed. Again I was battling with the driving storm, and being dashed about through air that grew clear and luminous, till I seemed to float in light. Then a thick mist gathered like a great damp cloud about me. I was swathed in it as if it were a mantle, and it shut out everything from me but two great bright eyes. Full, dark, questioning eyes, they were looking down at me from a great height it seemed, and holding me to one point.

"That is the priest," I still remembered, "those are his eyes; so I must not speak of Guy's coffin, or he will hear me."

I repeated again and again the story of my rushing up the hill, with trouble and fear at my heart, and the storm roaring about me.

"Father Bertram, come to Guy, for the love of heaven, oh come in haste!" I remember crying out in this way at intervals until my voice was broken; and then a dark curtain fell between me and consciousness, and I lay silent and senseless in impenetrable gloom. (TO BE CONTINUED.)

LARGE FIRE.—A large fire took place in this city on Thursday evening, by which the drug store of T. M. Perrot & Co., Market above 6th, was burned out, and the adjoining stores occupied by Kilburn & Gates, Sellers & Brothers, Smedley & Brothers, W. W. Paul & Co., Graff & Garden, and Lloyd, Supice & Walton injured. The losses are generally covered by the insurance.

ENGLAND.—Disraeli has resigned, and Gladstone been appointed chief Minister. John Bright has been asked to join the Ministry.

THE JEFF. DAVIS TRIAL.—In the United States Circuit Court, at Richmond, on the 4th, argument was continued on the motion to quash the indictment against Jefferson Davis, Mr. Dana spoke for the prosecution, and Mr. O'Conor for the defence. After the Court adjourned, the counsel were informed by Chief Justice Chase, that he was in favor of quashing the indictment, but that Judge Underwood was opposed to this. The division of the Court was certified to the Supreme Court of the United States.

☞ A Cincinnati saloon keeper has come into possession of the first greenback issued —No. 1, A series—and refuses $50 for it.

THE COMING YEAR.

We design making THE POST for the coming year superior to what it has ever been.

In the way of new Novelets we are able already to announce:—

"The Mystery of the Reefs."

BY MRS. HOSMER.

Cut Adrift; or, The Tide of Fate.

BY AMANDA M. DOUGLAS.

A New Novelet

BY GUSTAVE AIMARD, Author of "The Queen of the Savannah."

A New Novelet

BY ELIZABETH PRESCOTT, Author of "St. George and the Dragon."

With OTHER NOVELETS and SHORT STORIES, by a host of able writers.

A copy of either of our large and beautiful steel Engravings—"The Song of Home at Sea," "Washington at Mount Vernon," "One of Life's Happy Hours," or "Everett in His Library"—will be given to every full ($2.50) subscriber, and also to every person sending on a club. Members of a Club, wishing an Engraving, must remit one dollar extra. These engravings, when framed, are beautiful ornaments for the parlor or library. "The Song of Home at Sea," is the new engraving, prepared especially for next year, at a cost for the mere engraving alone, of nearly $1,000!

TO NEW SUBSCRIBERS we offer the following inducement. We have printed a large extra edition of the present number, containing the beginning of "THE MYSTERY OF THE REEFS" and "THE ABBOT'S POOL," and shall continue to date all *new* subscribers back to the present paper, until the large extra edition is exhausted. This arrangement will give new subscribers for 1869, who do not delay their subscriptions too long, *three papers in addition to the regular number for the year, or nearly thirteen months in all.*

This offer applies to all new subscribers, single or in clubs. And our Club terms are so very low, as compared with other first-class literary weeklies, that clubs should be obtained with the greatest ease. And the getter up of a club of Five or over, gets not only the Premium Engraving for his trouble, but a free copy of the paper also.

While we offer thus a special inducement to *new* subscribers, our *old* subscribers will reap the benefit of the increased circulation which it brings us, in the continual improvement of our paper—and therefore it is to their interest to speak a good word for us to their friends. We have already Enlarged and Beautified our paper—and of this they have had the advantage. And in proportion as patronage is extended to us, do we design making THE POST more and more worthy of their support.

When it is considered that the terms of THE POST are so much lower than those of any other First-class Literary Weekly, we think we deserve an even more liberal support from an appreciative public than we have ever yet received.

We trust that those of our subscribers who design making up clubs, will be in the field as early as possible, and make large additions to their lists. Our prices to club subscribers are so low, that if the matter is properly explained, very few who desire a literary paper will hesitate to subscribe at once, and thank the getter-up of the club for calling the paper to their notice.

For TERMS see head of editorial column. Sample numbers are sent *gratis* to those desirous of getting up clubs.

Does it Hurt Bugs to Stick Pins in Them?

The American Entomologist, speaking of sticking pins through living insects and the inhumanity of it, makes the following statement, which is, as the saying is "strange if true," but the fact is, perhaps, more strange than true. The Entomologist says:—"In reality, however, it is the confinement, and not the wound made by the pin, that the insect objects to. You may take any night-flying moth and slily transfix it with a pin to the object on which it is sitting in the day-time. It will neither flutter nor struggle. Now watch it as evening approaches. It begins to struggle most violently, and most persons would believe it to be in extreme agony. The truth of the matter, however, is, that it now wants to be flying abroad, and is fluttering to get free from the pin. If it is the pin that is hurting it, why did it not flutter by daylight when the pin was first stuck into its body? The British entomologist, Stephens, tells a story of a dragon-fly that he once caught, which, upon his directing its tail to its mouth by way of experiment, actually bit off and ate four joints of its abdomen, and then, having accidentally escaped from him, flew away as briskly as ever." This may be true enough as a fact, but how did Mr. Stephens know what agony the tail, if not the head, of the dragon-fly suffered? Perhaps, however, the pleasure that the head experienced in eating the tail just balanced the pain that the tail felt in being eaten, which is fully in accordance with Mr. Babbage's theory of the "divine average" of pleasure and pain in the universe, which he so ably held in the "Bridgewater Treatises." The pain that the chicken feels in having its neck twisted, is not so great as the pleasure that a man has in eating the chicken, and thereby the "moral government" of the universe is justified, and nature feels encouraged to go to work again with renewed confidence that she is not misunderstood.

[Rather suspicious "moral" doctrine this last. Cruelty is not the less cruelty, and pain, to the sufferer, because the perpetrator takes a pleasure in it. Is murder more tolerable—is it not more intolerable?—in a moral sense, when the murderer takes great delight in it?—*Ed. Sat. Eve. Post.*]

SATURDAY EVENING POST.

PHILADELPHIA, SATURDAY, DEC'R 12, 1868.

TERMS.

The terms of THE POST are the same as those of that well known magazine, THE LADY'S FRIEND—in order that the clubs may be made up of the paper and magazine conjointly when so desired—and are as follows:—One copy (and a large Premium Steel Engraving) $2.50; Two copies $4.00; Four copies $8.00; Eight copies (and one gratis) $12.00. One copy of THE POST, and one of THE LADY'S FRIEND, $4.00. Every person getting up a club will receive the Premium Engraving in addition.

Subscribers in the British Provinces must remit twenty cents extra for postage. Papers in a club will be sent to different post-offices if desired. Single numbers sent on receipt of five cents. Contents of Post and of Lady's Friend always entirely different.

In remitting, name at the top of your letter, your Post-office, county, and State. If possible, procure a Post-office order on Philadelphia; or get a draft on Philadelphia or New York, *payable to our order.* If a draft cannot be had, send United States notes. Do not send money by the Express Companies, unless pay their charges.

SEWING MACHINE Premium. For 30 subscribers at $2.50 apiece—or for 20 subscribers and $60—we will send either Grover & Baker's No. 22, or Wheeler & Wilson's No. 8 Machine, price $55. After Jan. 1, 1869, we will send only the Grover & Baker No. 23 Machine, price $55. By remitting the difference of price in cash, any higher priced Machine will be sent. Every subscriber in a Premium List, inasmuch as he pays $2.50, will get the Premium Steel Engraving.

Address

HENRY PETERSON & CO.,
310 Walnut St., Philadelphia.

NOTICE.—Correspondents should always keep copies of any manuscripts they may send to us, in order to avoid the possibility of loss; as we cannot be responsible for the safe keeping or return of any manuscript.

BACK NUMBERS.

We regret to say that we are out of our back numbers of THE POST up to this date.

We printed a large extra edition, and supplied those who applied for about two and a-half months; but we find that we have fallen short of the demand.

New subscribers will have to begin with the present number—and there could not be, we think, a better one to begin with.

HESTER VAUGHAN.

A young woman was recently convicted in this city, of infanticide, and sentenced to death. The trial seems to have been a perfectly fair one—though it is said, we know not with how much truth, that her counsel did not make as able a defence as the case admitted of. The jury pronounced her guilty according to law, and the judge sentenced her according to law.

No time was appointed for the execution—and we trust that it was not the intention to appoint any such time. The practice of hanging women, whether young or old, except in the most horrible class of cases, does not commend itself to our notion of the fitness of things. And in a case like that before us, we think the presumption always should be, that a mother has been rendered partially insane by the force of the most painful and distressing circumstances, before she could take the life of her infant child.

And therefore as to Hester Vaughan, we trust that Governor Geary will examine into the facts, and that if he finds them to be at all as represented, he will issue a pardon.

So much for the case itself. Now for a few incidental matters.

When Hester Vaughan's case came to the knowledge of certain ladies of this city, it would have been the easiest thing in the world to interest others of both sexes in it also. A petition could have been drawn up, to which any reasonable number of signers could have been obtained; a committee could have gone up with the petition to Harrisburg; and Governor Geary, who has never been charged with having a heart of stone in his breast, would no doubt have done what was shown to be proper and right. No unnecessary publicity need have been given to the case, for much publicity was not needed—and in fact, sensible people know that undue publicity in such matters often defeats the very end in view.

But no. Hester Vaughan's case must be manipulated—not with a view to Hester Vaughan's good—but to serve the purposes of others. Hester implores that the matter may be kept quiet, so that her poor father in England, may not hear of it—"it would kill him," said the poor girl. But with certain charitable people, longing for an opportunity to air their eloquence at a public meeting, Hester's entreaties go for naught.

Hester's case must be used for the benefit of their pet notions, and to prove that the harshness of masculine judges and masculine juries to female offenders, is such that it is necessary we should have feminine judges and feminine juries!

Now every one knows that if there be a fault in the matter—we do not think it is a *fault*—that it is on the other side; that our judges and juries are proverbially lenient to female offenders. That where a lawyer can bring in a female witness, or show in any way that a woman is interested on his side of the question, he always does it. Even this very case of Hester Vaughan's, may be only the exception which proves the general rule—judges and juries no doubt feeling occasionally that they are yielding too much to their natural regard and tenderness for the sex of their mothers and sisters, and sternly resolving that they will give the next woman that comes before them simple fairplay.

These ladies that are using Hester Vaughan's case, contend for simple justice, and say they wish women only to be treated as other human beings are treated. Why, all their strongest pleas for Hester Vaughan, cluster around the fact that she is a woman—"a girlish figure; a sweet, intelligent face; soft, brown eyes; broad forehead; and warm, earnest mouth."

What has three-fourths of this description to do with the question of guilt or innocence? Does it not amount to saying, "Will you hang a young and interesting girl?" A proper question in the mouths of gallant and chivalric men perhaps—but hardly in the mouths of those who are constantly professing to claim merely simple justice for women.

But a public meeting must be held—and that, not in Philadelphia, to whose people the case properly belongs—but in New York! Says one of the lady speakers:—

Was there ever such a place as New York to do a good work in? Is there a spot on earth where a popular heart can be reached as here? To me there was always something strangely electrical in the moral atmosphere of New York city. Let injustice and abuse be once proven, and the electric current thrills

and vibrates until with one grand outburst, as in the case of this friendless girl, justice is demanded.

"Here's richness for you!" as Mr. Squeers said when exhibiting his milk and water. We should think that "the electric current" would be always "thrilling and vibrating" in "grand outbursts" in New York, for "injustice and abuse," to believe its own daily records, are continually occurring there.

Of all ideas, this of New York's having so little to do at home, in the way of righting injustice and wrong, as to be able to take the affairs of other cities under its care, is one of the most amusing.

We have now before us an editorial article nearly a column long, cut recently from a New York paper, and describing the condition of that saintly city. The writer says, after describing a certain scene:—

Were such a scene to be enacted among the New Zealanders, or the Comanche Indians, or the Fiji cannibals, people would erect their hands in horror, and forthwith propose a new mission for the spread of civilization. Surely in no part of the world, among no class of human beings, however abandoned, savage and cruel, could a worse circumstance possibly occur. Not long before we had a free pistoling match among about thirty men in that same ward, some of them policemen, their bullets flying about among innocent bystanders and unwary pedestrians. The affair was passed by as lightly and carelessly as if it had been the funniest and trifling-est occurrence in the world, and so familiar have this community become with similar transactions, that the latter are beginning to be rated as something quite necessary to our existence—as matters of course. * * * The butchery of Thursday morning, however, caps the climax of ferocious lawlessness, and it is high time that we ask ourselves seriously *what is to be done to civilize about one-fourth of the individuals who harbor within the city limits.* We think we can tell how such savages as the misnomated Larkin *represented*, can be at least held in check, if not deprived of their horrible instincts. * * * Larkin was a type of a class that governs the police. This class is made of bruisers, burglars, highway and bond robbers, kidnappers, garroters, incendiaries, pickpockets and leading professional depredators generally. * * * The Diavolos, Sheppards, Guy Foxes, Holes-in-the-Day, and other infamous creatures that now flourish with impunity must have some repressive power placed over them, *or we may look for hourly massacres, and not unreasonably expect to be plundered in broad daylight at every street corner, and it may be burned to cinders in our beds.*

After reading this description, one may well echo the question:—"Was there ever such a place as New York to do a good work (and find fault with other cities) in?" No, we candidly think there never was.

——Since writing the above, the following despatch from Harrisburg, has come to hand:—

A committee of ladies from New York called upon the Governor, this (Friday) morning to urge the pardon of Hester Vaughan. Governor Geary replied substantially as follows:—

Ladies, I am very happy to receive you, but the purpose of our meeting and your visit here has been anticipated by thousands of philanthropic and humane people in Pennsylvania, who have quietly but earnestly acted in the matter, having spoken in behalf of this very unfortunate woman a long time ago. He had received many appeals from Pennsylvania ladies. Believing that the ladies of New York were actuated by a true feeling of humanity, he hoped there would be no further proceedings on their part, as he believed he thoroughly understood the case of Hester Vaughan, and had accordingly already made up his mind; and the fact of his having so long withheld the death warrant should certainly have satisfied those whose sympathies had been excited, that sufficient reasons had been presented to him to prevent the execution of the sentence of the court.

The ladies still urged their case, arguing the probable innocence of the prisoner.

The Governor replied that he had taken great pains to ascertain all the circumstances connected with the case. He feared that the people of New York were not so well informed of all the facts. The first week after sentence had been passed upon Hester Vaughan he sent a special messenger, meaning Dr. John H. Gihon, his private secretary, to her cell, when she frankly confessed her guilt. All she had asked for was a reprieve, and that she might not be questioned in regard to the author of her shame. No persuasion would induce her to tell who it was. There was no necessity for further agitation of this question; it might only injure the cause of the unfortunate prisoner. The people of this state had taken the matter in hand and would see that all would be right.

The Governor assured his visitors that he would never sign Hester Vaughan's death warrant. He hoped no more money would be solicited in New York to defray her expenses, as such contributions were entirely unnecessary. Two philanthropic gentlemen in this state had assured him that they would gladly pay the expenses of a voyage to her friends in England, in the event of her pardon.

In the light of the above despatch, further comment is unnecessary—except to add that Judges Allison, Pierce, Ludlow, and Brewster all bear witness in published letters, to the ability and earnestness with which Mr. Go-forth, her counsel, conducted Hester's defence.

COMPLIMENTARY.—Mrs. J. E. W., in renewing her subscription, writes as follows:

"I have been a regular subscriber to your most interesting paper THE SATURDAY POST for 15 years, and hope to remain so during my life. We could not do without it in the family. I would rather do without sugar in my coffee, if I had to make any sacrifices, than to give up my favorite paper."

Miss N. L. writes:

"I have taken THE SATURDAY EVENING POST this last year, and like it very much; words are inadequate to express my admiration of it."

In answer we may say, that we hope this coming year, to make as good, if not a better paper, than ever—and thus continue to please both our old and our new friends.

A DENIAL.—Ex-President Roberts, of Liberia denies, in a published letter, the truth of the statement which we quoted in our last paper, that Liberia permits the continuance of slavery. He says:—

It seems that the remarkable conclusion that slavery exists in Liberia has been arrived at wholly from an estimate stated by me of the present population of the republic; and a reference made by me to an ancient practice in Africa of measuring the wealth of African chiefs by the number of their wives and slaves. But by what mode of reasoning it can be inferred from these premises that slavery exists at present in Liberia, I am unable to discover. The number of population, more or less, has nothing to do with the question of slavery; and a fact, as to what constitutes the wealth of interior chiefs, is no proof that the same description of wealth maintains in Liberia. No, it is altogether an error. The people of Liberia abhor and detest slavery in any form, and the fundamental law of the land absolutely prohibits it. To say that slavery is tolerated in Liberia is a most unjust imputation against the government of that republic. And I assert, without the fear of successful contradiction, that the government of Liberia has done everything in its power to extirpate slavery from its territory, and will not, knowingly and willingly, permit its continuance within its jurisdiction.

The report quoted by us probably originated in a misconception of Mr. Roberts's meaning.

NEWS OF THE WEEK.

—Feed is so scarce in some sections of Ohio that farmers are selling off their stock at remarkably low figures. Sheep are being slaughtered for their pelts by the thousand. Five thousand two hundred and fifty sheep were sold at Cleveland last week for $272 50, or five cents per head, the seller retaining the hides, and the purchaser slaughtering the animals. Carcasses of sheep ready for delivery are sold at the astonishingly low figure of 40c. to 60c. each.—*Exchange Paper.*

—A man at St. Louis has been sued for ten thousand dollars, for chastising a married daughter.

—The project for the railway between Great Britain and France has now assumed a definite shape. The Anglo French Bridge (Preliminary) Company has been formed with a capital of £8,000, for the purpose of constructing the models for the proposed bridge across the straits of Dover. It is to be a bridge from the Shakspeare Cliff, Dover, to Cape Blanc Nez, a short distance from Calais. The length of the bridges will be 32,822 yards, divided into ten arches, resting on piers rising 360 feet above the sea, which will permit the passage of ships of the largest class.

—The Iowa Agricultural College has fifty students. Tuition is free; board $2.75; students work two hours in winter, three in summer. The college land grant creates an annual income of $20,000.

—The Mormons look upon the recent California earthquakes as an accomplishment of some of the prophecies of their chief prophet regarding the punishment that should be inflicted upon different portions of this country for the rejection of the Mormon religion. They announce that all the great cities of the Union will speedily be destroyed, if they do not suffer themselves to be converted to the faith revealed by Joseph Smith.

—Winter has come in real earnest in Canada. The Ottawa river was frozen over on December 2d, and at Montreal the ferry boats have ceased running and the harbor is deserted. On the Erie Canal, a number of boats are ice-bound.

—Massachusetts has already had nine snow storms. Philadelphia its *first* on December 4th.

—A Buffalo woman got drunk and squeezed her baby to death, and the coroner's jury said it "died by misfortune."

THE MARKETS.

FLOUR—Market dull. Sales 4000 bbls, at $5,50@7; extra at $6@7,50; Northwest extra family at $7,25@8,25; Penna extra family at $8,50@10; Ohio, Indiana and St. Louis family at $10@11. Rye Flour—400 bbls sold at $7,75@8.

GRAIN—The receipts of prime Wheat continue light; 25,000 bus Penna, Western and Southern red sold at $2,05@2,12 for good to prime; $2@2,03 for fair, and $1,80@1,95 for common; 3000 bus No. 1 and No. 2 spring sold at $1,60@1,70; 12,000 bus Western and Southern amber at $2,15@2,20, and 2000 bushels of Kentucky white at $2,45 ₩ bushel. Rye—4000 bus Penna and Western sold at $1,55@1,60. Corn—80,000 bus prime old yellow sold at $1,25@1,30; 40,000 bus Western mixed at $1,23@1,28, and 25,000 bus new yellow at $1@1,10 ₩ bus. Oats—80,000 bus sold at 68@72c for Penna and Western; 73@75c for choice bright do, and 58@60c ₩ bus for light Penna and Southern.

PROVISIONS—The market continues dull. Sales of Mess Pork at $26,50@27. Green Meats—Sales of Pickled Hams at 14@15½c; and Shoulders at 11@11½c. Lard—Sales of 500 bbls and tcs Western at 16@16½c for steam and kettle rendered. Cheese—Sales of prime factory at 18½@19c.

☞ Other articles same as last week.

PHILADELPHIA CATTLE MARKETS.

The supply of Beef Cattle during the past week amounted to about 2200 head. The prices realized from 8½@9 cts ₩ lb. 150 Cows brought from $45 to 85 ₩ head. Sheep—10,000 head were disposed of at from 5@6½c ₩ lb. 4000 Hogs sold at from $10,50 to 11,25 ₩ 100 lbs.

A Splendid Holiday Present.—"*The Most Laughable Thing on Earth!*"—A game that can be played by any number of persons; is susceptible of 50,000 changes: endless transformations of wit and humor; producing roars of laughter. Just the thing for old folks and young folks, evening parties, and dull days. A sure cure for home sickness and the blues. Sent, post-paid, per return mail, on receipt of 50 cents; three for $1. Address WALL HILL VALLEY TIMES, Montgomery, Orange County, N. Y. dec5-4t

The Colton Dental Association

Originated the anæsthetic use of Nitrous Oxide Gas, administer it in the most approved manner, do nothing but EXTRACT TEETH, and they certainly do that without pain. So 11,000 patients testify. See their signatures, at the Office,

No. 737 WALNUT STREET,

nov21-4t Below Eighth.

EXPERIENCED FRIEND!—I have discovered a positive cure for Consumption and General Remedy for all disorders of the Lungs and Throat. It completely cured me and hundreds of acquaintances. I will give $1000 for a case it will not relieve; indeed so great is my faith, I will send a sample FREE to any fellow sufferer who will address yours faithfully, JAMES WYATT, S. E. cor. Broadway and Fulton st., New York. dec5-4t

Pain Paint—Yes, Wolcott's Pain Paint.

Ask for it and take none other. If you have a cold in the head, or Catarrh, get Wolcott's ANNIHILATOR. Full pint bottles, $1. Beware of imitations. nov7-3t

Upham's Depilatory Powder

Removes superfluous hair from any part of the body in *five minutes*, without injury to the skin. Sent by mail for $1.25.

Upham's Asthma Cure

Relieves the most violent paroxysms in *five minutes*, and effects a speedy cure. Price $2 by mail.

The Japanese Hair Stain

Colors the whiskers and hair a beautiful *black* or *brown*. It consists of *only one preparation*. 75 cts. by mail. Address S. C. UPHAM, 115 South Seventh street, Philadelphia. Circulars sent free. Sold by all Druggists. oct17-13t

The Bowen Microscope,

Magnifying 500 *times, mailed* for 50 CENTS. THREE *for* $1.00. Address F. P. BOWEN, je27-tf Box 220, Boston, Mass.

HOLLOWAY'S OINTMENT will effect a cure in case of Gout and Rheumatism after all other remedies have failed. Be not deceived, ye who suffer with these racking pains—this salve is your only hope.

Imitations of *Eau de Cologne* are "plenty," but BURNETT'S COCOAINE WATER is "the thing itself."

"Florimel" means the "Honey of Flowers." Burnett is the maker of this popular perfume.

The Hirsute Charms of Belles or Beaux are improved by the use of Burnett's Cocoaine.

Burnett's Florimel is without a peer in perfumery. —*Cincinnati Times.*

The New York Independent published a letter from Rev. Jos. E. Roy, setting forth the wonderful efficacy of Jones Whitcomb's Asthma Remedy.

The Great Pictorial Annual.

Hostetter's United States Almanac for 1869, for distribution, *gratis*, throughout the United States and all civilized countries of the Western Hemisphere, will be published about the first of January, and all who wish to understand the true philosophy of health should read and ponder the valuable suggestions it contains. In addition to an admirable medical treatise on the causes, prevention and cure of a great variety of diseases, it embraces a large amount of information interesting to the merchant, the mechanic, the miner, the farmer, the planter, and professional man; and the calculations have been made for such meridians and latitudes as are most suitable for a correct and comprehensive NATIONAL CALENDAR.

The nature, uses, and extraordinary sanitary effects of HOSTETTER'S STOMACH BITTERS, the staple tonic and alterative of more than half the Christian world, are fully set forth in its pages, which are also interspersed with pictorial illustrations, valuable recipes for the household and farm, humorous anecdotes, and other instructive and amusing reading matter, original and selected. Among the Annuals to appear with the opening of the year, this will be one of the most useful, and *may be had for the asking.* Send for copies to the Central Manufactory, at Pittsburg, Pa., or to the nearest dealer in HOSTETTER'S STOMACH BITTERS. The BITTERS are sold in every city, town and village of the United States. dec5-4t

R. R. R.—RADWAY'S READY RELIEF.—To be used on all occasions of pain or sudden sickness. Immediate relief and consequent cure for the ailments and diseases prescribed, is what the RELIEF guarantees, to perform. Its motto is plain and systematic: *It will surely cure!* There is no other remedy, no other LINIMENT, no kind of PAIN-KILLER, that will check pain so suddenly and so satisfactorily as RADWAY'S READY RELIEF. It has been thoroughly tested in the workshop and in the field, in the counting-room and at the forge, among civilians and soldiers, in the parlor and in the hospital, throughout all the varied climes of the earth, and one general verdict has come home: "*The moment Radway's Ready Relief is applied externally, or taken inwardly according to directions, PAIN, from whatever cause, ceases to exist!*" Use no other kind for STRAINS, or BURNS, or SCALDS, or CUTS, CRAMPS, BRUISES, or STRAINS. It is excellent for CHILBLAINS, MOSQUITO BITES, also STINGS OF POISONOUS INSECTS. It is unparalleled for SUN STROKES, APOPLEXY, RHEUMATISM, TOOTHACHE, TIC DOLOUREUX, INFLAMMATION OF THE STOMACH, BOWELS, KIDNEYS, &c. Good for almost everything. No family should be without it. Follow directions and a speedy cure will be effected. Sold by Druggists. Price 50 cents per bottle. mar9-eowtf

HUNT'S COURT TOILET POWDER is superior to any other for whitening the skin. It does not rub off or injure the complexion. No lady should be without this justly celebrated requisite for the toilet. The sale for the last eight years has been unparalleled. Price 50 cents. Sold everywhere. T. W. Evans, Perfumer, 41 South Eighth St., Philadelphia. sep26-1y

Hunt's Bloom of Roses.

A delicate color for the cheeks or lips, does not wash off, and warranted not to injure the skin, can only be removed with vinegar, and cannot be detected with a microscope. It remains permanent for years, and can in no manner be discovered from the natural flush of health, and excites universal admiration. Price $1. Sent by mail for $1.18. T. W. Evans, Perfumer, 41 South Eighth St., Philadelphia. sep26-1y

B. T. BABBITT'S ARTICLES OF EVERY DAY USE.

Family and *Toilet Soaps.* The very best.

Soap Powder. The great labor-saving compound.

Concentrated Potash. The ready soapmaker.

Saleratus, warranted *pure* and *unadulterated.*

Super Carb. Soda and *Star Yeast Powder* of superior quality.

Lion Coffee, guaranteed pure, and in flavor unsurpassed.

For sale by Henry C. Kellogg, Agent at Philadelphia, and at the manufactory, Nos. 64, 65, 66, 67, 68, 69, 70, 73 and 74 Washington street, add 43 and 44 West street, New York. B. T. BABBITT. feb28-1y

MAGNETIC Healing Institute and Conservatory of Spiritual Science, No. 17 Great Jones street, New York. All diseases, including Cancer and Consumption, cured. Consultations on all subjects. oct3-3m

MARRIAGES.

☞ Marriage notices must always be accompanied by a responsible name.

On the 26th of Nov., by the Rev. M. D. Kurtz, Mr. EDWARD P. SILLS, Esq., of Baltimore, Md., to Miss SALLIE E. MAY, of this city.

On the 23d of Nov., by the Rev. Theophilus Stork, Mr. JOHN F. STOER to Miss SUE M. HAWKINS, both of this city.

On the 18th of Nov., by the Rev. Dr. Newton, Mr. JAMES HAMMOND to Miss CATHARINE E. CLARK, both of this city.

On the 25th of Nov., by the Rev. William T. Eva, Mr. GEORGE M. D. APPLE to Miss ELIZA E., daughter of David McMullin, Esq., of this city.

On the 1st instant, by the Rev. W. C. Robinson, Mr. ISAAC W. SWENEY to Miss JENNIE, daughter of Robert Gilfrey, Esq., both of this city.

On the 26th of Nov., by the Rev. J. H. Peters, Mr. EMANUEL L. LECTURER to Miss LILLIAN SMITH, daughter of Alfred Smith, Esq., both of this city.

DEATHS.

☞ Notices of Deaths must always be accompanied by a responsible name.

In this city, on the 27th of Nov., Mr. SAMUEL KNORR, in his 73d year.

On the 1st instant, Mr. CHARLES THOMPSON, in his 50th year.

On the 30th of Nov., MARY A. ANDREWS, aged 76 years.

On the 20th of Nov., JAMES E. HUDLEBURT, aged 28 years.

On the 29th of Nov., JOSEPH G. AUXER, in his 70th year.

On the 29th of Nov., CHARLES J. PRIEST, in his 67th year.

On the 27th of Nov., MARY LOUISA, wife of Geo. T. Parry, in her 46th year.

On the 26th of Nov., Mrs. ELIZABETH G. BENNER, in her 62d year.

On the 28th of Nov., JAMES P. WILKINSON, aged 52 years.

$10 A DAY FOR ALL.—Stencil Tool Samples free. Address A. J. FULLAM, Springfield, Vt. nov21-3m

IMPROVEMENT IN

CABINET ORGANS.

(*PATENTED* 1868.)

THE

MASON & HAMLIN

IMPROVED VOX HUMANA

Is a new invention, now ready in several styles of the MASON & HAMLIN ORGANS, to which the manufacturers invite attention, believing that it is likely to prove

THE MOST POPULAR IMPROVEMENT EVER MADE

in instruments of this class.

It is now several years since the invention and application to such instruments as the VOX HUMANA, which was first applied by its inventor to the Organs of Mason & Hamlin, who were urged to introduce it to the public. In its then imperfect state, and especially considering its liability to get out of order, they were unwilling to adopt it. From that time continuous experiments for its improvement have been made in the factory of the Mason & Hamlin Organ Company and elsewhere, which have at last been eminently successful, the result being the MASON & HAMLIN IMPROVED VOX HUMANA, combining several patents.

In combination with the AUTOMATIC BELLOWS SWELL, used only in these Organs, it wonderfully increases the capacity and beauty of the instrument, imparting delicious qualities of tone, and producing novel and exquisite effects; especially adding to its variety and delicacy of expression, and increasing, somewhat, its power. The peculiar excellencies of several Orchestral Instruments are successfully imitated; and altogether as frequently characterized by organists, "the effect is fascinating." It is simple in construction, free from liability to get out of order, and requires no additional skill for its use, being operated by the ordinary action of the bellows, requiring no separate pedal.

Styles and Prices.

Attention is invited to the new styles of Organs, and new scale of prices announced this month.

NEW STYLE, No. 21—FIVE STOP DOUBLE REED CABINET ORGAN, with Vox Humana. Case of solid Black Walnut, carved and panelled, new design. Stops Diapason, Viola, Melodia, Flute, Vox Humana. *The best Organ of its size that can be made.* Price $170.

NEW STYLE, No. 22—The same Organ, in Rosewood Case. Price $200.

NEW STYLE, No. 30—The same in Pipe Organ style of Case, Carved and Panelled, Walnut, with richly Gilt Pipes. Price $300.

NEW STYLE, No. 27—SUB-BRASS AND OCTAVE COUPLER CABINET ORGAN, FIVE STOPS—Diapason, Principal, Octave Coupler, Sub-Bass, Vox Humana. Solid Walnut Case. Each key commands four separate reeds or vibrators. An Organ of surprising power and brilliancy, and great variety. Price $350.

STYLE No. 1—FOUR OCTAVE ORGAN—Solid Walnut Case, plain. Price $50.

STYLE No. 3—FOUR OCTAVE DOUBLE REED ORGAN. Solid Walnut Case, plain. Price $75.

STYLE A—FIVE OCTAVES, ONE STOP—TREMULANT, with one set of Vibrators throughout, and Knee Swell. Carved and Panelled Walnut Case. Price $100.

STYLE C—FIVE OCTAVES, FIVE STOPS, VIOLA, DIAPASON, MELODIA, FLUTE, TREMULANT, with two sets of Vibrators throughout, and Knee Swell. Carved and Panelled Walnut Case. Price $125.

MANY OTHER STYLES AT PROPORTIONATE RATES.

The superiority of the MASON & HAMLIN ORGANS is well established. They are the ACKNOWLEDGED STANDARD OF EXCELLENCE among instruments of the class; were awarded the PARIS EXPOSITION MEDAL, and have been honored with an amount and degree of commendation from the musical profession of this and other countries never given to any other instrument.

A new descriptive and illustrative catalogue, just issued, will be sent free to every applicant.

THE MASON & HAMLIN ORGAN COMPANY,
Warerooms, No. 596 Broadway, New York,
dec12-2t and No. 154 Tremont St., Boston.

THE

Berkshire Life Insurance Co.,

PITTSFIELD, MASS.,

Offers GREATER ADVANTAGES to Policy-holders than any company in this country.

INCORPORATED A. D. 1851. CHARTER PERPETUAL.

T. F. PLUNKETT, President.
BENJ. CHICKERING, Secretary.
JACOB L. GREENE, Asst. Sec'y.

Assets	$1,000,000
Annual Income	500,000

Dividends paid annually, on the Contribution Plan, from 20 to 70 per cent.

All the profits are divided among the Policy-holders. Dividends paid to Policy-holders this year $200,000.

The BERKSHIRE was the FIRST COMPANY in the United States to make ALL of its Policies NON-FORFEITABLE.

Every Policy issued by this Company since April, A. D. 1861, is NON-FORFEITABLE, and so expressed in the Policy.

An Annual Payment Life Policy is NOT forfeited by failure to pay Premium when due, but it is continued in force under the Massachusetts Law of April, 1861.

EXAMPLE AT AGE 35.

One annual payment will continue the policy in force two years and three days.
Two annual payments will continue the policy in force four years and twelve days.
Three annual payments will continue the policy in force six years and twenty-seven days.
Four annual payments will continue the policy in force eight years and forty-six days.
Five annual payments will continue the policy in force ten years and fifty-six days.
Six annual payments will continue the policy in force twelve years and forty-one days.
Nineteen annual payments will continue the policy in force thirty years and 161 days.

All Endowment and Limited Payment Life Policies are entitled to a "PAID UP NON-FORFEITABLE POLICY," after ONE Annual Premium has been paid.

WM. H. GRAVES,
General Agent and Attorney for Pennsylvania,
329 WALNUT St., Philadelphia, Pa.
W. H. SMITH, M. D., Medical Examiner,
feb3-1y 815 SPRUCE St., Philadelphia, Pa.

☞ AGENTS WANTED.

AGENTS WANTED FOR

"THE BLUE-COATS,

And how they Lived, Fought and Died for the Union, with Scenes and Incidents in the Great Rebellion." It contains over 100 fine Engravings and 500 pages, and is the spiciest and cheapest war book published. Price only $2.50 per copy. Send for circulars and see our terms, and full description of the work. Address JONES BROTHERS & CO., Philadelphia, Pa. oct17-tf

TO FARMERS AND HORSEMEN.—I will send by mail, post-paid, securely put up in a tin box, a certain cure for Ringbone, and Bone-Spavin. Never fails. Full directions for using with each package. Price $3. E. FARRIS MASSEY, dec5-2t 850 North 9th St., Philadelphia, Pa.

(Established 1861.)

THE GREAT AMERICAN

Tea Company

Receive their Teas by the cargo from the best Tea districts of China and Japan, and sell them in quantities to suit customers

AT CARGO PRICES.

CLUB ORDERS PROMPTLY SUPPLIED

PRICE LIST OF TEAS.

OOLONG (Black), 70c., 80c., 90c., best $1 ₩ lb.
MIXED (Green and Black), 70c., 80c., 90c., best $1 ₩ lb.
ENGLISH BREAKFAST (Black), 80c., 90c., $1, $1 10 best $1 20 ₩ lb.
IMPERIAL (Green), 80c., 90c., $1, $1 10, best $1 25 ₩ lb.
YOUNG HYSON (Green), 80c., 90c., $1, $1 10, best $1 25 ₩ lb.
UNCOLORED JAPAN, 90c., $1, $1 10, best $1 25
GUNPOWDER, (Green), best $1 50 ₩ lb.

Coffees Roasted and Ground Daily.

GROUND COFFEE, 20c., 25c, 30c., 35c., best 40c. per lb. Hotels, Saloons, Boarding-house keepers, and Families who use large quantities of Coffee, can economize in that article by using our FRENCH BREAKFAST and DINNER COFFEE, which we sell at the low price of 30c. per pound, and warrant to give perfect satisfaction. ROASTED (Unground), 30c., 35c., best 40c., ₩ lb. GREEN (Unroasted), 25c., 30c., 35c., best 25c ₩ lb.

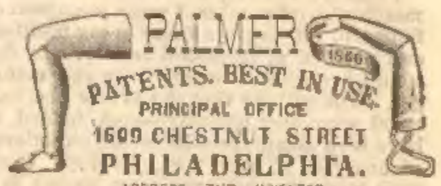
We warrant all the goods we sell to give entire satisfaction. If they are not satisfactory, they can be returned, at our expense, within thirty days, and have the money refunded.

CAUTION.—As some concerns, in this city and other places, imitate our name and style of advertising and doing business, it is important that our friends should be very careful to write our address in full, and also to put on the number of our Post Office Box, as appears in this advertisement. This will prevent their orders from getting into the hands of these *bogus imitators.*

GREAT AMERICAN TEA CO.,

Nos. 31 and 33 VESEY STREET.

POST-OFFICE BOX No. 5643 NEW YORK CITY.
oct31-tf



DR. B. FRANK. PALMER, PRES'T A.A.LIMB C'S

These inventions stand approved as the "best" by the most eminent Scientific and Surgical Societies of the world, the inventor having been honored with the award of FIFTY GOLD AND SILVER MEDALS (or "First Prizes"), including the GREAT MEDALS of the WORLD'S EXHIBITIONS IN LONDON AND NEW YORK; also the most Honorary Report of the great SOCIETY OF SURGEONS OF PARIS, giving his Patents place above the ENGLISH and FRENCH.

DR. PALMER gives personal attention to the business of his profession, aided by men of the best qualifications and greatest experience. He is specially commissioned by the GOVERNMENT, and has the patronage of the prominent OFFICERS of the ARMY and NAVY. SIX MAJOR-GENERALS and more than a thousand less distinguished officers and soldiers have worn the PALMER LIMBS on active duty, while still greater numbers of eminent civilians are, by their aid, filling important positions, and effectually conceal their misfortune.

All Genuine "PALMER LIMBS" have the name of the inventor affixed.

Pamphlets, which contain the *New Rules for Amputations*, and full information for *persons in want of limbs*, sent free to applicants, by mail or otherwise.

The attention of Surgeons, Physicians, and all persons interested, is most respectfully solicited.

The well-known LINCOLN ARM is also made *solely* by this Company. This Arm has the patronage of the U. S. GOVERNMENT.

To avoid the imposition of PIRATICAL COPYISTS, apply only to DR. PALMER, as above directed. oct30-1y

GENUINE

WALTHAM WATCHES

AT

Greatly Reduced Prices.

Silver Hunting Watches	$18 00
Gold Hunting Watches, 18 karat cases	80 00
Gold Hunting Watches, Ladies' size	70 00

Every Watch warranted by special certificate from the American Watch Company.

We will send these Watches by Express with bill to collect on delivery to any part of the country, *and give the purchaser the privilege to examine the Watch before paying.*

We have prepared a descriptive price list explaining the different kinds, with prices of each, which we will send to any one on application.

We invite a comparison of our prices with any others, and any Watch that does not give satisfaction may be exchanged, or the money will be refunded.

☞ *Please mention that you saw this in the Saturday Evening Post.*

Address in full. HOWARD & CO.,
sep5-tf No. 619 Broadway, New York.

A NEW PRICE LIST

Is issued this month, November, 1868, by the

MASON & HAMLIN ORGAN CO.

And will be sent, post-paid, to every applicant; containing announcements of

New Styles

OF

ORGANS,

NEW INVENTIONS,

AND

Reduced Prices.

Four Octave Organ, Solid Walnut Case, $50.00.
Five Octave Double Reed Organ, five Stops, Solid Walnut Case, Carved and Panelled, $125.00.

Other styles at proportionate prices. Warerooms, 154 Tremont Street, Boston; 596 Broadway, New York. nov28-3t

NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN, THAT JOSEPH R. WELLS, of the city of Millville, in the county of Cumberland and State of New Jersey, hath this day made an assignment to the subscriber of his estate for the equal benefit of his creditors, and that the said creditors must exhibit their respective claims, under oath or affirmation, within the term of three months. Dated Nov. 9th, 1868. PETER G. LUDLAM. nov28-3t

$10 GIVEN AWAY!—Address O. B. BRIGGS & CO., corner William and Liberty Sts., N. Y., or 125 Clark St., Chicago. dec12-4t

THE BOATMAN'S SONG.

FROM THE ITALIAN OF GIOVANNI FRATI.

I.

My lady has such lovely eyes,
  She is the altar of my vows,
She seems a Saint of Paradise,
  But she shall be my tender spouse;
The rose is not so red as she,
The lily's not so white as she;
Around her head the beams are spread
  Which light the world when day is dead!
And night and day the boatman brave and strong
Singeth his song.

II.

One day a stranger kissed her hand
  And heaved a sigh, but all in vain;
The girl was true to love's command,
  And would not smile upon his pain.
Said she: "My lover's poor and low;
His house is not the best I know;
But when he stands upon the sands
He seems the lord of all the lands!"
And night and day the boatman brave and strong
Singeth his song.

III.

Her name is like a charm to me,
  Her voice is like a silver bell;
When I'm alone upon the sea
  I think of her and all is well.
Her virtue keeps my boat secure,
Her name has made me proud and pure;
In storm and shine her fame is mine,
And God will guard the foaming brine!
And night and day the boatman brave and strong
Singeth his song.

MY CHEMIST LODGER.

BY MORLEY FARROW.

I entered Barking and Chester's (general merchants) office when I was a youngster of fourteen. By degrees I rose in my position, and married at three-and-twenty. In due time I became head clerk: I am now manager. You will say that the events just narrated were very ordinary—such, indeed, as have been comprehended in the experience of hundreds of other men. Just so. Their even tenor was, however, once broken in a startling and terrible fashion.

More than sixteen years ago we were living in Holloway. I had been married long enough to have two children; and we were very happy, my wife and I, though my salary at that time was not large. Most of my friends lived in those parts; and the best friend I ever had was my wife's sister. She was a widow, five years older than Bessie. Thrifty, careful, with plenty of common sense, with cheerful manners, and a promptness of decision, she was an invaluable companion for one who had always been delicate, and, with a family coming on, was unable to exert herself as she might otherwise have done. Bessie was the best and the prettiest of wives: my first and only love. But to her cleverer sister, Rhoda Sexton, who lived only a few doors off, and was in the habit of looking in upon us at all times of the day, and being consulted in every emergency, I owed a good deal of the happiness which filled my little home. Rhoda was regarded by all the family, and by me, especially, as invaluable.

"Certainly, William, you had better let the first floor. You don't want it; and as you haven't got that expected rise in your salary this quarter, this house will be too much for you."

Such was her advice when the matter of letting our first floor was mooted, and my wife was unwilling to give an opinion upon the subject herself. We had already had one lodger; but having expected an increase of salary that quarter, I thought we should be under no necessity to let the rooms again. Business had, however, been bad; and the partners, reluctantly I know, know, were compelled to refuse me.

"You know, William, I can do all that is necessary with your increased household. I shall look in every morning; and Bessie needn't trouble herself. Besides, she mustn't." For Rhoda was thinking of that last baby, which was only two months old.

"Do you know of any one who wants rooms?" I asked.

"No; but I'll look in the paper. I dare say we shall find our requirements there." And Rhoda turned promptly to the advertisements of the *Times*, the office copy of which fell to my turn that day. "I've got what I want," said Rhoda, after an examination of some minutes. "This advertisement will suit us capitally. The neighborhood is quiet: the neighborhood is inexpensive." And she indicated the particular advertisement, by which it appeared that a gentleman required two rooms on such terms as we had hitherto charged, in a cheap and quiet locality. Respondents were to apply, first by letter, to "Z. Z. Z.," at a reading-room in Leicester Square.

Rhoda wrote the necessary letter; and shortly an answer came, in which the gentleman arranged to call on a certain day; and, provided the locality, and other matters, were satisfactory, to settle the business definitively.

"He's a foreigner," said Rhoda, "and I object to foreigners. Gives no reference, too!" She looked at me and then at my wife.

"Let us wait till we see Monsieur Paul Marie-Regnier before we pronounce an opinion either for or against him," I said.

"You're right, William. He will be here the day after to-morrow."

For that day I managed to get a holiday, business being slack, as I was naturally anxious to be one of the parties in the agreement, though I knew that I could rely on Rhoda. Eleven o'clock was the hour fixed for the appointment. Standing by the window at that time, I looked at my watch, and was surprised to see a gentleman stop opposite the house with singular punctuality, and then advance to the door, and ring. Rhoda went and admitted the stranger.

"Here is Monsieur Paul Regnier," I said, turning to Bessie; and the next moment he entered the room, followed by Rhoda. As plainly as if she had spoken, I saw on her large keen face, as it appeared behind Monsieur Paul's, an expression which said: "I don't like him."

He bowed politely to me and my wife, as I requested him to take a seat. "I have not mistaken the house, I find; you are Mr. William Hayley; and you wish to let two rooms. I am a foreigner, as you will judge by my accent. A Frenchman. I like the neighborhood, and the house. But before I engage with you, or before you commit yourself to any engagement, I think it right to explain my profession." He spoke very quickly, with a marked accent, but with no grammatical deficiency. "I am a chemist, or, to be more correct, I should say that I am in the habit of devoting my time to chemical experiments; and I shall wish to know whether you will have any objection to my doing it in your house. I do not keep a shop; I am no professor; but chemistry is my study. If I engage to take your rooms it will be with the understanding that I may carry on my usual avocations in this house. I will promise you that you shall be put to no domestic inconvenience."

"I have no objection," I answered; "none in the world."

Bessie, whose brother was a small chemist in a country town, and rather liked the odor which floated about the rooms of the house from the shop below, answered with me.

Rhoda said nothing. "I may bring my few drugs and apparatus then with me," said Regnier, "as you and Madame; for" (and he smiled)—"I perceive the other lady by your side is your wife—advance no opposition to the proposal." After this he turned with a look of inquiry to Rhoda.

"It is not for me to object," she replied. "My brother-in-law and his wife consent: that is enough!"

"You are Madame's sister?"

"Yes."

"And you dislike my conducting my profession in this house? There is no fear. There is no danger. And the housewife's orderly eye will not be offended."

So, in spite of Rhoda's unexpressed objection, we made the necessary arrangements. Monsieur Paul would come on the morrow, and bring his belongings with him. I confess I should have preferred a lodger having a different avocation, and encouraging different tastes; but my wife's sympathies were evidently in favor of the chemist; and she apprehended no danger to the furniture in the rooms of the first floor, from dangerous experiments injudiciously conducted.

"Oh, Rhoda, what a strange, what a romantic-looking man!" she said, when he was gone.

Rhoda shook her head. "I wish I had never advised you to have a lodger, William. I am not often prejudiced, but I am prejudiced against this Monsieur Regnier. When I opened the door to admit him, I started! His is a strange face!"

A strange face! Yes. With dark, deep-set eyes; a full, broad forehead, the veins showing clear through the thin skin; long scattered hair; no moustache or beard; the mouth small, well formed, with half a smile lurking about it. His age was about thirty-five. Though the countenance had a pensive look, he had a rapid way of speaking, which might account for the impression made on a stranger, that there was a singularity about him which was unpleasant.

He came at the hour of the day he had fixed. During the early time of his tenancy he gave us no trouble. Now and then a faint scent would hang about the house, suggestive of chemicals, but this was a rare occurrence. He seldom went out. Our curiosity about him was great; and though when he and I chanced to meet, he was frankly communicative, I seemed to learn little of him. No letters came: and he received no friends.

All Rhoda's apprehension lest his experiments might be of a dangerous nature, were shortly removed; and her first unfavorable impression of him too. His manners were so gentle, and the demands he made upon her service so unexacting, that, good woman as she was, she could scarcely continue to regard him in her former fashion. Now and then she would shake her head, and say, "I don't know what to make of him. There is something puzzling yet."

He had been with us a month, when Bessie was taken ill; and one Saturday night when his rent was due, I went and received it instead of my wife, whom I had left lying on the sofa down stairs. I had never entered the room since his occupancy, till this evening.

"Ah, I am glad to see you," he said, rising from the table, where he was melting some substance over a spirit-lamp. "This is the first time you have honored me. You find me busy—as you can remark." He knew the errand on which I had come, and handed me the money, which was lying on the table ready. "I hope you find me punctual."

"Very, Monsieur Regnier!"

"Madame, I trust, does not complain of me."

"Indeed, she does not."

"Nor the other madame—Madame Rhoda?"

"Not at all!"

"You will sit? I shall be disengaged in a moment."

I sat and watched him as he bent over the lamp; but did not think it right to ask any questions as to the nature of the substance he was melting. His eyes for many minutes, as a little clock on the mantelpiece informed me, were directed intently on it. Suddenly, he removed the little vessel, which he had been holding to the heat, and raised his face; the light, freed from obstruction, falling strongly on it, and revealing a look of triumph in his deep-set eyes, which startled me.

"There is no triumph like the triumph of intellect, monsieur; or perhaps I should say it is the only durable one! This day I have accomplished what I have been anticipating for years! I find, monsieur, that I am not walking in the dark." He lit an ordinary candle, turned the argand out, and seated himself. In the meantime I handed him the receipt for the week's rent.

"I have generally the honor of seeing Madame or her sister in the evening."

"My wife, I am sorry to say, is unwell—and Rhoda is with her."

"Madame unwell! I am indeed sorry. You and Madame are very happy—you English husband and wife generally are."

"Yes, Monsieur Regnier. I am very fond of her, and very happy with her."

"I have no wife," he said, with a laugh, "nor mother, nor father, nor relatives! This is my wife, my mother, my father—my world!" and he pointed his thin finger to his chemical apparatus. "All my happiness is comprehended in what you see here, and in my studies"—indicating some MSS. which bestrewed the table. "You marvel, I dare say. You cannot comprehend a passion which is intellectual—a comfort that is not material! From morn to night, I work here, having no hope but the consummation of some discovery: satisfied when the long-searched-for principle is revealed. Oh, monsieur, we students, we chemists, have unknown ecstacies!"

"And do you never hope for other interests—to form other ties?"

"I never think of them! But I may one day emerge from my obscurity, and taste what of the world I have never yet done. Work is very delightful; but my work will have an issue—a glorious issue!"

He had risen, and was pacing the room: enthusiasm clothing his face, and energy his words.

"I have made, during the past three or four years, some of the most important discoveries in chemistry which the history of that science can record: but I have waited my time for giving them to the world; for valuable as they are in themselves, they are additionally so as pointing the way to still more important truths—truths yet not suspected but by me! I am now prosecuting almost the last stages of an inquiry, which even the most sanguine and daring of experimentalists have considered profitless. You have heard of the crystallization of carbon. Not far off, to me, gleams this glorious possibility!"

I gave a start of surprise.

"Yes, monsieur, I believe I am not proud when I say that I shall accomplish what has been considered only a dream! Other mysteries, as yet unsuspected, seem to be revealing themselves to me, the patient student! Even the two great mysteries, those riddles that for ages have puzzled so many brains—Life and Death—I believe capable of an approximate solution! The marvels of electricity, the discovery of the polarization of light, will not alone give lustre to this age. But if chemistry has secrets whose principle is beneficence, so it has mysteries whose name and power are terror!"

I believed he was only an enthusiast; but could not withhold my admiration. I remained with him some time. As I was leaving (he politely opened the door for me) he said, "I trust your wife will soon be well. What your solicitude for her is I can judge by my interest in my beloved science! Good-night: present to Madame, and to Madame Rhoda, my humble respects."

Bessie was unwell for some days, and I was troubled; but the doctor assured me that there was no cause for alarm. Still she did not mend. Paul Regnier inquired after her daily, and seemed surprised that no improvement was recorded. "I do not like to interfere: it would be rude. But if Monsieur would allow me, I think I might be of service to Madame. You English doctors (pardon my saying so) are in some cases very inexperienced. May I see Madame in your presence and that of Madame Rhoda for two or three minutes? I have the advantage of being intimate with two or three pharmacopœias besides the English."

Bessie consented; but Rhoda seemed to hesitate. "Do as you like, William," she said, at last. "Bessie is certainly unwell."

"I am, Rhoda, dear," said my wife, wearily. I kissed her, and spoke some cheerful words; and in a few minutes M. Paul Regnier was summoned from his room by Bessie's sister. He remained with us three minutes, putting a few commonplace questions to my wife, in the kindest, most polite manner, and then returned to his apartments. Half an hour afterwards he knocked at the door again. Rhoda answered it.

"Let Madame take this twice a-day—night and morning—for a week; and I think you will find her better at the end of it.

His words were true. At the end of the week she was better: at the end of the second week she was quite well.

"There, you see, Rhoda," she cried, as she was able to go about the house with all her old liveliness of spirits, and freedom from fatigue; "Monsieur Regnier could do what no one else could. Surely you have not one prejudice against him now?"

"No—not one."

For some weeks I saw nothing of Regnier, and heard little. One day, upon my return from my office, I was surprised to hear my wife say—

"Oh, poor M. Regnier; I fear things are going bad with him! He has eaten no meat for three days! I was alarmed, for I naturally thought he was ill. But it is not that, I fancy. Oh, William, I fear, poor man, he has no more money!"

Rhoda, coming in the next minute, confirmed what my wife had said.

"There's no doubt about it. For more than ten days past he has ordered less and less. Sometimes he would have meat only every second day; but it is as Bessie told you—he has now had none for three!"

I had been curious at first as to the quarter whence he drew his income, but this inquisitiveness soon died out. He was most punctual in his payments, and though very economical in all his habits, was generous to the little girl who was our only servant; and he had on one occasion made two small presents to my wife and Rhoda.

"I won't ask him for his rent, which is due to-night," said Bessie. His bell was just then heard ringing. Our little servant answered it. Monsieur Regnier wished to see me.

I found him, very thin and pale, sitting at the table where he generally worked; but I could see that he had done little for some time. The spirit-lamp was unlit; and his jars and phials occupied their places when he was not putting their contents into requisition.

"Monsieur," he said, smiling faintly, and in a lower voice than usual, "I am in some trouble. I have been prematurely sanguine. Labors which I thought would have been completed by this time fail—because—because—monsieur—my resources are nearly exhausted! Don't misunderstand me, monsieur. I am too proud to borrow money of you—or of any one. You go in the world of business. I am a good linquist. May you not know of some one in want of a teacher of languages? I have hitherto, from time to time, earned money by teaching. Such means, combined with economy, have afforded me leisure for my dearer work. If I could find employment for a month or two, I should be in a fair position again."

The difficulty had hardly been presented to me, before I saw means of meeting it.

"You understand many languages?"

"German, Italian, Spanish, Portuguese, Danish, Modern Greek, as well as Ancient, English as you know, and French. I should not find myself at a loss in Russia—"

"Stop—that's enough," I interrupted, as he was about to enumerate more.

"You can correspond in all these languages?"

"In all!"

"The clerk who does our foreign correspondence is unwell, and has been unable to attend the office for days. I will see the head of the firm the first thing on Monday morning about giving you the duties, during his absence."

"Thanks, monsieur! thanks! You have lightened my heart. After my enforced withdrawal from my studies, I shall go back to them with renewed ardor—and for the future I shall be still more economical! The next processes on which I shall engage myself are very dear!" He laughed—handed me his rent—which I put back, with the words, "Wait till Monday." And having vainly tried to persuade him to join us at our supper that evening, or at the Sunday dinner on the morrow, I left the room, with a rather choking sensation in my throat.

Poor chemist! Poor man!

I had no difficulty in getting Regnier the situation, and he went with me on the Tuesday to the office. He proved himself an admirable correspondent, and the firm was much pleased with him. He remained with us six weeks, receiving a handsome salary, and at the conclusion of the term, when our regular clerk was enabled to return and resume his duties, a present from Mr. Chester, in recognition of the excellent manner in which he had performed his work. His business aptitude was quite as remarkable as his professional enthusiasm. The only change I remarked in his habits was that he came more amongst us, at home; now and then breakfasting at our table, and spending the evening with us.

"I must work now, monsieur," he said, as we were riding home on the 'bus together for the last time. "With the sum that I have saved, and with economy, I shall be able to complete my work, I trust, in a short time. When that is done, monsieur, my position will be assured!"

Upon once more resuming his chemical experiments, he did not entirely return to his secluded habits. He would still come amongst us occasionally, and seemed pleased to notice that we were interested in him.

About a month after the term of his supplementary clerkship, I came home much troubled. The accounts of the firm's dealings with some foreign house were placed in my hands in the ordinary way to look over. There were two or three things which I could not understand; it seemed to me that there was a difference in the books to the amount of about five hundred pounds. Not wishing to give unnecessary alarm, I kept my apprehensions from any one directly connected with the firm, for that day; but I mentioned the fact to Regnier, in the presence of Rhoda and my wife.

"Indeed," he said, in a voice of interest, "so large a sum—and you have not named it to the firm?"

"No. For I have yet only been over the books hastily, and—besides, I should not like to compromise my own powers of observation."

"Exactly; you are right. Perhaps you are mistaken. In the large dealings done by your firm, you must find it hard to get the accounts to correspond, I should think."

I turned my face from Regnier to Rhoda, and noticed that she was looking at him intently. But she said nothing.

"I must go over the accounts again to-morrow," I remarked. "I have been with the firm a good many years—and I never knew anything wrong in the books before."

"Ah, Madame Rhoda," he said, "you are thoughtful! Your good brother-in-law's story has set you thinking."

"Yes, Monsieur Regnier," she answered, absently; and a few minutes afterwards, when he left us for the evening, she seized me by the arm, and startled me, by saying in a whisper—

"Forgive me, William, if I'm wrong; but I fear he has done it—our lodger!"

"Stuff and nonsense! Rhoda, your usual good sense has deserted you."

She said no more, and I laughed at her for her absurd accusation. My mind was as free from suspicion that day, and for many days afterwards, as though a man's honor, which an intimacy of years guaranteed, had been called in question. On the sixth day (for I did not resume my examination of the books, until then,) having, through a press of orders, had my own regular work considerably increased, I was startled into remembering Rhoda's suspicion. Our transactions with South America had been extensive for months; and in looking over papers with which some of our foreign correspondence had been accidentally, as I supposed, mixed, I saw what looked like a stain on the paper at that part where some figures appeared. It was late in the day, and I retained it for examination the next morning—still, however, maintaining silence about it. I began to be troubled now, though I did my best to argue the trouble and the suspicion away.

When I reached home that evening, I met Regnier in the passage as he was going out for a walk, who told me that he had heard Madame was unwell again. I entered our little sitting-room, and was grieved to find Bessie lying on the sofa.

"Ill again, my love?"

"Yes, William—so weary. Though I've said nothing to you, I've been unwell for two days. I saw you were preoccupied, and didn't like to trouble you. Oh, William, I am so weak! I do not feel as I felt before, when Monsieur Regnier cured me. Such strange sensations come over me at times."

My heart turned cold. There was some change, I fancied, in her voice; and, for the first time, an apprehension for the life of her I loved so dearly settled heavily on my mind.

"Will you have a regular doctor, or shall I get advice from Monsieur Regnier?"

"Not from Monsieur Regnier," said Rhoda, entering that moment. "By all means, not. He was successful when there was really little the matter with you! but you had better have your regular doctor now; at any rate, at first." So Regnier was not consulted; but he asked kindly after her.

"You are anxious, I see, monsieur."

"Naturally so, Monsieur Regnier," I answered, in rather a constrained voice.

"By-the-way, that money—is the difficulty cleared up?" he asked, carelessly, as he was going upstairs to his room.

"No; it is not." My answer was awkward; I felt that his eyes were looking, with keen scrutiny, into mine.

Bessie became gradually worse, and my fears for her increased day by day. I would fain have remained by her side, but hard duty took me from her each morning, and I did not return now till late in the evening, when I was always met with the same dreary reply to my inquiry as to her health: "No better."

Rhoda was the kindest of nurses; and I saw that her apprehensions were assuming the character of mine. She had done the best to make light of her sister's illness at first; but now, when she left her bedside, her face would darken thoughtfully. Bessie's complaint seemed to be some strange atrophy, defying and puzzling the doctor. Day by day, almost hour by hour, she appeared to sink. My heart was rent with grief; I loved her so, and she was going from me.

Terrible as this anxiety was, I had other anxieties as well. My suspicion of Regnier increased more and more, though I found it hard to believe that such a man would commit so dishonest an action as my examination of the firm's book seemed to indicate.

Being reluctant to believe that the crime was his handiwork, I delayed a more exhaustive examination of the accounts from time to time. I had liked the man; and it was painful to know my trust in him must be shattered. But slowly, surely, all the truth revealed itself, in spite of the cunning and the care with which the work was done. There had been an erasure and a change of figures in a foreign letter, which Regnier's chemical knowledge had assisted him in successfully executing. A house with which we did a large business in South America, transmitted to its bankers here, on our account, the sum of eight hundred and fifty pounds—their total debt; and Regnier had made it appear that the sum was but a part, namely, three hundred and fifty. Having during his engagement with us, been frequently entrusted with receiving moneys from the bankers of foreign houses, and transmitting it to our account at our bankers', he was enabled, from the indefinite order signed by the firm, to get possession of the whole sum; placing the smaller sum to us, and retaining the other. As our larger accounts were not made up frequently, he trusted that time must elapse before he was discovered; and the foreign letter, in which the erasure occurred, was, I now saw, purposely placed aside with papers of a different kind. I had the necessary evidence against him complete, which I had most reluctantly gathered before I entered the private room of the firm one afternoon to announce my discovery. Both partners had left half an hour. It was necessary, therefore, for me to delay my story until the next day.

I went home sad at heart. I said nothing to my wife, whom I found suffering from increased prostration, nor to Rhoda. What course was I to pursue with my lodger upstairs? To drop any hint that I knew all would be the signal for his departure; and I was reluctant to take any immediately definite steps in the matter myself. When I was troubling myself with these thoughts, by the bedside of my poor wife, a message came from Monsieur Regnier, saying that he wished to see me. I went quickly to his room.

I did not find the chemist at his usual place by the table. He was bending over a box, carefully packing up an electrical machine, which I had seen him use more than once. His meaning I understood.

"You intend leaving us, Monsieur Regnier?"

"Yes; that is, I may do so," and he looked at me fixedly. "Though, possibly, not yet."

"You have sent to tell me this?"

"This—yes—and perhaps more. Sit down. Madame—how is she?"

"Very ill—very ill," I answered, in a sad voice.

"You have not honored me by consulting my poor art this time, Madame Rhoda is still prejudiced; though I was once successful in restoring her sister to health."

"I remember!" He was more at his ease than I, though I knew what he had done, and began to suspect that he was aware of my knowledge.

"Monsieur, you seem troubled, as indeed you may, by the illness of your good wife; but you seem vexed with other things. Is it possible that that money difficulty of the firm is causing you uneasiness?"

I could not answer; I only looked at him perplexed, and paused.

"Tell me; I am always interested in you!" We were both seated now.

"Monsieur Paul Regnier," I answered, after a long pause, and in a strained voice; "I know all!"

"You—alone?" he said, for the first time speaking anxiously.

"I alone as yet. To-morrow—"

"Ah—to-morrow. You have an English proverb about that. Let us, monsieur, speak of to-day!"

He rose as he said this.

"I am sorry for you—very sorry. I have liked you; but my duty is to make known my discovery, which I should have done to-day if the heads had not left earlier than usual—hard though the task had been!"

"And you would have given me no warning! That was unkind. Pardon me—it was Madame Rhoda that caused you to suspect me in the first instance, was it not?"

"It was."

"And now you yourself have justified those suspicions?"

"I have."

Then there was a long stillness between us. Regnier broke it.

"If I were not sure of obtaining your silence I should be more disturbed than I am, when I confess that I committed this crime! Yes, Mr. Hayley, your firm most generously rewarded me; but I needed more money than they could equitably have given me in return for my slight services. I am candid with you. I have taken this money for purposes connected with my science. When those purposes are completed I shall restore it."

The coolness with which he spoke, the strange moral obliquity with which he regarded the whole transaction, were overwhelming.

"Have I not said enough to secure your silence?"

"No, indeed, you have not."

He paced the room for some minutes. Then he stopped suddenly; listened; walked to the door, and opened it. "I thought I heard some one! No!" Now, monsieur, I must speak more plainly." With this he locked the door and turned to me: keeping his place by it.

"There is no fear; you must only listen! It is of Madame that I am going to speak."

"Of my wife!"

"*Yes; of your wife, who is poisoned!*"

I started from my seat, and then sank back again; a great horror seized me, that paralyzed my thoughts, that sealed my lips. He repeated the terrible words.

"Your wife is poisoned, and death is upon her! In three days from this time she will be no more!"

I was able to speak now.

"How—how do you know this?"

"Because I have administered the drug! Monsieur, I have mixed, as you know, with your domestic circle of late, judging it best to do so; and have had opportunities of seeing the food of which Madame partook. Of these I have, when unseen, availed myself! Your doctor may well be puzzled, for the poison is unusual in its manifestation, and leaves, after death, no trace. I discovered it—I, monsieur,—and no one knows

of its existence but me. This is one of the terrors of our glorious science!"

"Wretch!"

"Silence! I have not done yet. Remember that I have acted out of no hostility to Madame, or to you. But I saw that Madame Rhoda suspected me in the matter of that money from the first; and I knew that she would communicate her suspicions to you. Your manner a little time since assured me I was right. You may have remarked my inquiries about your wife. How deeply you loved her I knew; and in her I saw the only power I had over you! She will die, monsieur, unless you arrest my hand."

"You deep-plotting villain!" I cried; "you shall not suffer for one crime alone. Get from the door, and let me go!"

"Pardon!" and he smiled his old smile, "I have not yet done. You must denounce me for neither crime, for your great desire must be that your wife should live! Assure me that you will be silent on your discovery, and that you will destroy all evidence of what I have done; and Madame's life shall be spared. To this deadly poison there is an antidote, the formula of which is known only to me! Give me not that assurance, and she will die!"

The strait was a hard one—the bitterness of that moment more than the bitterness of death.

"I repeat what I said some minutes since—in three days she will be no more."

My wife—my wife! So young and so fair, and to be the victim so ruthlessly sacrificed. My anguish, my horror, my sickening despair, defy words, thoughts, comprehension.

"I will go and proclaim what you have done—pitiless man!"

"Do, monsieur. Cause me to be arrested, if you will. I am indifferent to my fate, when I am removed from my beloved science. For you my mouth will always be sealed. The formula of the antidote is not recorded—not even in cipher. And, monsieur, no law can compel me to open my lips! In proclaiming my dishonor—in proclaiming all that I have done, you will not advance your cause. In spite of your revenge, Madame will die!"

A great sob broke from my heart.

"You are yielding! You are wise: let me pass free from this house; destroy what evidence you have against me, and your wife shall be well again. As I, unseen, have administered the poison, I, unseen, or in your presence alone, will administer the antidote. It rests with you, monsieur, whether the wife whom you so love is to live or die!"

"How can I trust your skill?"

"You remember that I have before been of service to Madame. You need not doubt me."

I did not doubt him. Enthusiast as he was, I believed that his boast of power was not a vain one. I knew what my duty was: but how strong, how fatally strong, was the temptation to evade it. He saw that I was yielding.

"Monsieur need have no fear for Madame's future health. The counteracting agency that I shall supply is immediate in its effects. In fourteen or twenty-one days all the symptoms that now cause you and her friends pain will have disappeared. Nature will accomplish the rest. I purpose to remain here only so long as it may be necessary to see that a cure is effected!"

"You are sure you can do this?" I asked, hoarsely. "Do not jest with me."

"Monsieur knows that I am not jesting with him. You consent, then?"

"I consent."

"You give me your word that all evidence you have discovered of my crime shall be destroyed at once, and that you will divert suspicion, should it arise, in others, and at any future time, from me; and that you will, furthermore, make no reference to these matters to those of your family who know me."

"You have my word."

He moved from the door, where he had been standing. I approached it; and when he had arranged for the means and the time of the administration of the antidote, I staggered, rather than walked, from the room. I could not join my wife for some minutes. When I did, I found that Rhoda was not with her.

"She has been away," Bessie said, languidly, "nearly as long as you. Oh! what have you and Monsieur Regnier had to talk about all this time?"

She had only just put the question when Rhoda came in, looking, I thought, very pale. She advanced to the bed where her sister lay, and kissed her, shuddering.

"Why, Rhoda!" I said, "you are troubled."

"No—no, I am not," she answered, taking my hands, and looking into my face with her kind, brown eyes; "only," whispering, "I am anxious for Bessie—and for you."

I turned passionately to my wife. I dared not say what I knew. Had I dishonored myself for a vain hope?

I administered the antidote to her, mixing it carefully with her broth; and found that all Regnier had said of its effects was verified. She regained her spirits, her strength. In a week she left her bed; and in one-and-twenty days I could scarcely detect any traces of illness, save a slight delicacy of color, and an incapability of protracted exertion.

"I have kept my word, monsieur," said Regnier, "and to-morrow I shall leave; where I go I cannot say. But it is possible that you may hear from me again. The events of the last three weeks have rather distracted me from my usual avocations. I shall be able to resume them; and take up again now all my old studies. For what you have done for me, monsieur, I thank you!"

I don't know that I suffered more keenly than I did the next morning, when he had arranged to take his departure, the cause of which I had done my best to explain to my wife and Rhoda, in as feasible a manner as possible.

Rhoda said but a few words on the matter; but this morning I thought she seemed anxious and curious.

I had not been to the office for three or four days; for Mr. Chester having noticed that I was looking unwell, gave me permission to take as long a holiday as I liked. About eleven o'clock I went to my lodger's room, and found him busily completing his packing up. "I began this work more than three weeks ago," he said, calmly, "as I did not know what steps you might be prepared to take! What's that?"

A cab had rapidly driven up to our door, and the bell was being loudly rung. I hurried to the window and glanced down; Mr. Chester was just descending from the vehicle; and two men, whom I knew to be detectives, were with him.

"What's that?" asked Regnier again, quickly; for a look in my face frightened him.

RECAPTURE OF DONA EMILIA.

I hesitated and did not answer.

"You have played me false," he said, in a deep whisper.

"He has not! You owe your detection to me. I overheard your interview with him weeks ago!"

The speaker was Rhoda, who had just entered by the door, followed by my wife, Mr. Chester, and the two detectives.

"I see," said Regnier, with marvellous quietness, "I owe this to you, Madame Rhoda. Of all in this house you are the only one I ever feared. Spy! Had I suspected you were *quite* so dangerous, I would have silenced your tongue before you could have spoken a word. I know what I am to expect from these men."

Mr. Chester had come to my side, and whispered kindly in my ear; "You did what every husband would have done. I forgive you, William. Rhoda made us acquainted with it all the next morning. The evidence has been complete for days. We only waited until the rascal had fulfilled his promise, and restored your wife to health!"

"I did not know what you had done for me till this minute, my dear husband." And Bessie took my two hands in hers, and kissed me.

The detectives had not yet approached Regnier; for there was something terrible in his cold indifference that seemed to keep them at bay. As they at last made a step forward, he turned paler, and waved them off. "Stay—I am unwell. In a moment—if you are patient—I won't resist. But I feel faint. Give me some water. It is near your hands, Mr. Hayley.

I found some in a glass and gave it him, noticing that he kept his hand in the box, which he had been filling with drugs as I entered. As he took the glass of water, he quickly threw some powder in it, and while two or three of those in the room, guessing his purpose, rushed forward to stop him, drank it off!"

"I am denied the glory of revealing what I know! It shall at least go with me to the grave!"

He fell dead the next moment.

This is the only romantic incident which happened in my life. Of my strange lodger's previous history I learned some particulars three or four years afterwards. He had been educated at a charitable institution at Paris, and from his earliest years had been an enthusiast in chemistry. Indeed, he at once prosecuted his studies so assiduously, that he suffered in consequence from a temporary cerebral disease, and was believed to be affected in some slight measure ever since, as the wild dreams of the discoveries he was about to make would seem to prove. We were not the only people he had victimized. An institution in Germany where he held some office lost a good deal by him; but two or three enthusiastic professors, when they heard of the objects to which he devoted the money thus obtained, did not press the matter.

That he had made some extraordinary discoveries there was no question, as his papers, upon examination after his death, proved to all who were acquainted with such matters; but the completion of his work being in cipher, to which no key could be found, his more important secrets were never known. The fact of his having really poisoned my wife was called in question, when I mentioned the story to a distinguished physician who knew something of Regnier. He believed he had only taken advantage of her illness to frighten me, from which she either afterwards recovered in a natural way, or through the operation of proper remedies administered by him. I cannot say. I only know what I believe—that Regnier—terrible as it was—spoke the truth!

Throwing the Old Shoe After the Bride.

Perhaps the following extracts from Timb's "Things Not Generally Known" may be useful:—

The old custom of throwing an old shoe after a person, is still, in many rural districts, believed to propitiate success, as in servants seeking or entering upon situations, or about to be married; but it may be questioned whether the old shoe has been thrown for luck only. And we are rather inclined to believe Mr. Thrupp, in "Notes and Queries," No. 182, that in Scripture "the receiving of a shoe was an evidence and symbol of asserting or accepting dominion or ownership; the giving back a shoe, the symbol of rejecting or resigning it." The latter is evinced in Deut. 25., where the ceremony of a widow rejecting her husband's brother in marriage is by loosing his shoe from off his foot; and in Ruth we see that "it was the custom in Israel, concerning changing, that a man plucked off his shoe and delivered it to his neighbor." Hence Mr. Thrupp suggests that "the throwing of a shoe after the bride was a symbol of renunciation of dominion and authority over her by her father or guardian; and receipt of the shoe by the bridegroom, even if accidental, was an omen that the authority was transferred to him."

IMPOSSIBLE.

There lies—I know not in what land
Nor if there be such land on earth—
A little cottage, only planned
For use and simple worth.

'Tis neither rude, nor yet refined,
But bears a touch of Nature's art,
As if 'twere to its owner's mind
A fabric of his heart.

By window-lights alone revealed
Among near-clustered forest trees,
Its walls, its very roof concealed
In vine-clad trellises.

A lone green nest upon a hill,
With fields and bloomy orchards round,
An eyelet in a landscape still,
Majestic and profound.

For there the mountain peaks are spurred
Upward in mighty leaps and free,
And there a dreamy boom is heard
Low from a sleeping sea.

Within the cot are books well conned,
The gathered wisdom of all time,
Cherished and stored by hearts as fond
As ever beat in rhyme.

By hearts—no more! There is no land
Where such a vision could be real.
Dearest, *thy* heart must understand
What I unspoken feel.

There may be cots, and vines above,
And mountains and a dreamy sea;
But such a life, and such a love,
For us can never be.

THE QUEEN OF THE SAVANNAH.

BY GUSTAVE AIMARD.

CHAPTER XXIX.

THE WOUNDED MAN.

However eccentric the means employed by the Canadian to regain his liberty may appear to the reader at the first blush, they had been carefully meditated. The adventurer had judged the man with whom he had to deal; he felt convinced that if he allowed him to give the order for hanging, it would not be revoked. The game he played in attacking the general was a bold one; but there are in the world many perverse beings with whom any reasoning is impossible, and with whom knock-down arguments must be employed. The adventurer calculated on the surprise, fear, and perhaps admiration of his enemy to secure his own escape. He was not deceived in his calculations, for a good deal of these three feelings was mixed up with the general's extraordinary clemency; and then too, possibly, after the specimen which Don Lopez had had of the Canadian's resolution and reckless daring, he was not anxious to put him to a fresh trial, as he knew that he was armed, and convinced that he would blow out his brains without hesitation. For our part, we believe that the general was for an instant completely dominated by the ascendancy which the Canadian's character exerted over him, and that he had acted solely under the influence of this feeling.

However this may be, Oliver Clary did not deceive himself for a moment, and spurred his horse, which galloped at headlong speed. After about an hour's ride, he thought that he had placed a sufficient distance between himself and any person who might feel tempted to pursue him, and he checked the pace of his steed, which was beginning to display signs of fatigue, and he did not wish to kill it unnecessarily. It was about ten A. M., and the day was magnificent. The Canadian, who had been imprisoned for nearly four and twenty hours, inhaled the fresh air and looked around him in delight, so happy did he feel at being free and seeing once again water and trees.

He rode along thus, careless and satisfied, laughing at the capital trick he had played the general, and glad to have got out of the scrape so well, when he suddenly perceived a small party of horsemen coming toward him at full speed. In the first moment, the Canadian felt a lively anxiety; but, upon reflection, he re-assured himself by the fact that it was impossible these horsemen had been sent in pursuit of him, from the direction in which they were coming. He, therefore, continued to push on without checking or hurrying his steed, for fear of arousing in the minds of the new comers suspicions which might be unfavorable to him, and, owing to their number, cause him an embarrassment which he desired to avoid at any price. But, after riding thus for some ten minutes, he uttered a cry of pleasure and galloped toward the new comers. He had recognized in the two persons heading the party, Count de Melgosa and Diego Lopez.

"Thank heaven!" the count exclaimed on seeing him, "I was afraid I should arrive too late."

"That would probably have been the case," the Canadian replied, "had I not managed to get out of the hobble by myself. But how is it that I meet you here?"

"Did I not promise to join you to-day at Leona?"

"Ah, now I understand."

"No, you do not, for I had not intended to start till this evening, so as to avoid the great heat, had not Diego Lopez arrived this morning at sunrise like a madman at the hacienda, telling everybody who could hear it that General Cardenas put you in prison yesterday, with orders that you should be hung to-day. I now see that this ass of a Diego has let himself be taken in by false-hoods spread through the town for some motive I am ignorant of, and I am delighted at it, for I should never have consoled myself had you died."

"Senor Conde," the Canadian replied, as he affectionately pressed the peon's hand, "Diego Lopez was not deceived by false reports. All he told you was most strictly true."

"Ah!" the count exclaimed, with a start of passion, "that man must really be a wild beast."

"Morally, I am prepared to swear he is," the Canadian replied, with an air of conviction.

"It surpasses all belief. Never was such contempt of the law of nations known. But how is it that I now find you at liberty, and, apparently at least, without the slightest wound?"

"That is another story," the adventurer said, with a meaning smile, "and one which is somewhat interesting, I assure you, count."

"Who delivered you?"

"Myself."

"Alone?"

"Indeed, yes. When I saw that no one came to my assistance, I tried to manage it by myself, and you see how I succeeded."

"Oh!" the count said, with an accent of painful conviction. "A cause defended by such men is a lost cause. Pray, caballero, tell me in their fullest details all the events that have occurred. I want to know them in order to see whether my honor permits me still to give the aid of my sword to a government which employs such savage measures."

"Senor Conde," the Canadian said frankly, "since you insist, I will tell you all, though I know that the story will grieve you. Still, before I begin, must say that, during all the time I have been ranging the desert, and the annals of an adventurous career have brought me into relations with the most ferocious Indian nations, I never found with one of them such a profound contempt for what all men respect. For that I had to become acquainted with a Spanish general."

"Senor," the count said sorrowfully, "do not render a whole nation responsible for the fault of an individual. Do not judge us incapable of generous feelings and recognizing virtue when it presents itself to us. Thank heaven! the Spanish people have established their reputation for honor and loyalty for centuries. There are, believe me, among other nations as well as ours, coldly ferocious beings insensible of all feeling of honor. These men belong to no nation. They are monsters whom humanity brands and rejects with horror from its bosom."

"I will not discuss so grave a matter with you, senor. I am but a poor man, ignorant of the laws of the world, and I do not at all intend to pass judgment on things which exceed the range of the weak intellect with which it has pleased nature to endow me. It is evident that men are all born with different instincts. Whether civilization modifies these instincts for better or worse I cannot say, any more than I would venture to assert that all the men of your nation are as thoroughly bad as the general, the more so as you are an evident proof of the contrary."

"A compliment is not an answer, senor. But do not let us dwell any longer on this painful subject, and return to the story you promised to tell me."

"I ask nothing better than to do so, caballero; but the narrative will occupy some time, and, for reasons you will speedily learn, I am not particularly anxious to remain so short a distance from Leona Vicario."

"Very good, senor," the count answered. "Tell me where you wish to go, and I will accompany you for some leagues with the greater pleasure at the thought that, in the event of your being pursued—which, I presume, is the cause of your anxiety—my escort and presence would prove of some use to you."

"Certainly, caballero, and I accept your gracious offer with the greatest pleasure. I am returning to the Hacienda del Bario, to give a report of the mission confided to me, and which nearly cost me so dear. I suppose that no serious reason prevents your accompanying me on that road?"

"None; especially as I shall only go so far as I can with safety."

"As that is the case, let us start, for I am anxious to get away."

The count ordered his troopers to wheel, and the little party started again at a gallop.

"Why," the count said suddenly, as he looked at the adventurer's steed, "if I am not greatly mistaken, that horse comes out of the stables of General de Cardenas."

"Quite right; it does."

"How do you happen to be riding it?"

"That is part of the story."

"Begin it, then, in heaven's name, for I am dying of impatience to hear it."

"In that case, listen to me, Senor Conde. But be kind enough to let my comrade Diego Lopez remain near us. He behaved too well to me, during the short time we were together, for me to begrudge him this slight satisfaction."

The count granted the Canadian's request with pleasure, and made a sign to Diego, who eagerly ranged his horse by the side of Oliver Clary's. The Canadian then began his narrative, relating with the utmost frankness events as they occurred, from the moment when he quitted the count at the hacienda up to that when we found him galloping again on the road to Leona. The count listened to the Canadian's lengthy story with the most earnest attention, at times letting the feelings be seen on his stern face which the facts the adventurer related aroused in him. When the latter ceased speaking, he shook his head several times.

"You are more lucky than clever," he said, "and the way in which you gained your liberty almost trenches on the marvellous. The general deserved worse treatment than that for the way in which he behaved to you, and the contempt he displayed for the safe-conduct I had given you. Alas! we live in hapless times, when honor and good faith are mere words devoid of meaning."

"Not to everybody," the Canadian exclaimed, quickly,

"Certainly not, and I am pleased to allow it; of all the things you have related to me, there is only one of which I do not approve."

"Which is that, Senor Conde?"

"The help you gave the Red Skin imprisoned with you. These Indians are a real scourge to us dwellers on the border; letting one escape when caught, is like setting a ferocious brute at liberty."

"That is true, senor; but what would you have? I have lived for many years among the Red Skins; I have frequently fought them, and at times killed them without the slightest scruple; but I cannot allow that they should be deprived of their sole property—liberty. Besides, he was an old acquaintance, in this sense, that the tribe to which he belongs has done me great services on several occasions. As I had a chance to repay them, I did so."

"Yes, you are right, and you are bound to reason thus after the life you have led. I will not dwell on this subject further, therefore; but what you have said has produced a powerful impression on me. I require a few moments' reflection, in order to regulate my thoughts; so kindly excuse me if I am silent for a few minutes; after which we will converse again. I intend to ride two or three leagues further with you."

The adventurer bowed and turning to Diego Lopez, he thanked him warmly for what he had tried to do for him, and assured him that, although he had not profited by his advice, he was not the less grateful for it. While talking and galloping, they passed through the canon where they had been attacked a few days previously by the Indians, and were about to enter a rather large chapparal, which they were obliged to cross to reach the banks of the lake, when the Canadian's piercing eye perceived, some distance ahead, the body of a man lying at the foot of an enormous sumach, beneath which he seemed to be seeking a shelter from the sun.

"There is a man," said the adventurer, "who knows but little about the desert."

"What man are you talking of?" Diego Lopez asked, who had not yet looked in that direction.

"Look there," the adventurer said, stretching out his arm, "that individual has placed himself by the roadside, within reach of the first passer-by who may feel inclined to kill him in order to seize the little he possesses. I know countries in Apacheria where he would not lie in that way, without being really scalped by some Indian prowler."

"It is singular," Diego Lopez continued, "he has no horse, and that is extraordinary in a country where the poorest peon has one."

"That is true," the Canadian said, and added a moment later, "I am very much afraid that our fancied sleeper is simply a dead man."

"Do you think so?" the peon said.

"Hang it, I do not know exactly, but he has not made the slightest movement since we first perceived him. If he be not dead, as I expect, he must be a very sound sleeper not to have heard the sound of our horses."

"I will inform the Senor Conde," the peon replied, as he turned back and rejoined his master.

The latter listened to his servant's report with some surprise, for no assassination had occurred for a long time on this road, which was greatly frequented by travellers of every description. He spurred his horse, and joined the adventurer, who had pulled up to wait for him.

"What do you think about it?" he asked him.

"Nothing good," the latter replied; "still I think that we had better make sure. With your permission I will push on, and find out what it all means."

"We will all go," the count answered; "if the pretended corpse concealed a trap, there would be enough of us to foil it."

"Let us push on then," the Canadian said, as he slacked his rein, and his horse started with the speed of lightning.

The others followed him, and they soon reached the sumach; the man had not stirred. The count and the adventurer dismounted, and walked up to the body, which still lay motionless, and bent over it.

"It is a white man," said the Canadian.

"Yes," the count added, after a moment of attentive examination; "I know him. His name is Don Melchior. I saw him at the Hacienda del Bario during my last visit. Don Annibal de Saldibar is sincerely attached to him. How is it that he is here, and in such a hapless condition?"

"That is a question which himself alone could answer—and for the moment I fear that it is impossible for him to do so. Let us first make sure whether he be dead or alive."

Like all the woodrangers, who, through the chances of their adventurous life, run a risk of being wounded at any moment, the Canadian, though no great doctor, possessed some practical knowledge of medicine, or, to speak more correctly, of surgery. He

bent over the young man, raised him with one hand, and held him up in a sitting position, while he held to his mouth the bright blade of his knife. A moment later he looked at it; it was slightly tarnished.

"Thank heaven!" he said, "he is not dead, though not much better off; he has fainted."

"The poor boy appears to be very ill," the count remarked, sorrowfully.

"That is true; but he is young and strong, and so long as the soul clings to the body there is a chance."

"How can we help him? We must not leave him in this pitiable state."

"Of course not, for that would be certain death. Diego Lopez, give me your flask if there is any liquor in it."

"It is quite full," the peon said, handing it to him.

The Canadian mixed a little mezcal with water in a leaf he bent up, and then rubbed the temples, wrists, and stomach of the wounded man with it; after which, thrusting the knife-blade between his teeth, he opened his mouth by main force, and made him swallow a few drops, while Diego Lopez continued the friction, and the count, kneeling behind the young man, kept him in a sitting posture. For nearly a quarter of an hour their efforts seemed to produce no effect on the wounded man; still the Canadian, far from giving in, redoubled his exertions, and ere long had cause to congratulate himself on his perseverance when he saw the young man make a slight movement.

"Heaven be thanked!" the count said, joyfully, "he is regaining his senses."

"Indeed is he," said the Canadian, "look at him waking up."

In fact, Don Melchior, after making a few convulsive efforts, feebly opened his eyes, but, blinded by the sunbeams, closed them again.

"Courage," the Canadian said to him, "courage, comrade, you have friends near you."

The young man, at the sound of this voice, seemed to return to his senses completely, his pale cheeks were tinged with a hectic flush; he opened his eyes, looked round him in amazement, and, making an effort to speak, he murmured in a weak, almost indistinct voice—

"The Indians—the Indians—save Dona Diana—save—save—Dona Emilia!"

And, worn by the effort he had made, he fell back inanimate in the count's arms; the latter laid him gently on the ground, and rose eagerly.

"Diego Lopez," he said, "make a litter as speedily as possible, this young man must be conveyed to my house."

"Why not to the Hacienda del Bario?" the Canadian remarked.

"No," the count answered, with a shake of his head, "there is a mystery in this affair. Let us not act inconsiderately, and perhaps cause great pain to a man who has already suffered severely. You will accompany us, I suppose, senor?"

"Certainly, if you desire it."

"I ask it as a favor, caballero."

CHAPTER XXX.

DONA EMILIA.

As we have said, the Stag, after diligent search, discovered a path traced by the antelopes which ran from the foot of the precipice in a zigzag to the top. The Indian chief ascended this path the more hastily because, now that he was cool, and reflected on what had happened, he in his heart cursed the madness which had led him to descend the abyss in search of a foe he could not find, instead of remaining with his warriors, in order to support and encourage them, and combat the superstitious terrors they felt on the subject of the two prisoners, and especially of Dona Emilia, whom they imagined to belong to a race different from their own, and to be an omnipotent being whose wrath was extremely formidable for them.

As he approached the spot where his warriors were, he heard, more and more distinctly, cries which increased his anxiety, and made him hurry on, at the risk of making a false step and rolling to the foot of the precipice. In fact, he had scarce reached the prairie when two of his confidants who were seeking him, rushed toward him with shouts of delight.

"Come, come," they said to him; "if not, all is lost."

The Stag, without losing any time in questioning them, followed them to the top of the hill. This is what had occurred during his absence. The two ladies had been carried up the hill, and carefully laid on mats in front of the fire. Dona Emilia, though greatly shaken by the fall, speedily regained entire consciousness. Owing to the exaltation of her mind, instead of being crushed, she had derived fresh courage from the misfortunes which had suddenly burst ever her. His first care was to look round her and attentively examine the persons who surrounded her, in order to discover, were it possible, into what hands she had fallen.

At the first moment, deceived by the European dress of some of her assailants, she imagined she had to deal with a party of those ruffians who come to the surface in revolutionary times—the scum of the population—who regard political questions entirely as a matter of plunder, and who had for some years infested Mexico, recognizing no other flag but their own, and waging war on their own account, serving both parties indifferently, or rather injuring both by their cowardice, barbarity, and instincts of rapine. At times, the villains, not being numerous enough to attempt a bold stroke, allied themselves with the Indians, and ravaged the country with them. The patriots and Spaniards had both tried to put a stop to the depredations of these bandits by mercilessly shooting and hanging all they caught, but it was of no avail. Instead of diminishing their number seemed to increase, and latterly they had grown really formidable, and their audacity knew no bounds.

But a second and quieter glance made Dona Emilia understand that she was in error, and that the persons she at first took for Europeans were Indians in disguise. This discovery augmented her courage. She believed herself certain of the influence she exerted over these men, and she thought she would be able to terrify them sufficiently not to have anything to fear from them. Moreover, the conduct of the Indians towards her justified her expectations. It was only with a tremor that they dared to approach her. A glance was sufficient to keep them back. Even those who had associated with white men, and whom the Stag had ordered to assume European attire, kept at a respectful distance from the two ladies, and were apparently not desirous to be on more intimate terms with them.

Dona Emilia rose, no one making any attempt to prevent her. She went up to her daughter, sat down by her side, and raising her beautiful head, laid it gently on her knees. She gazed at her tenderly for a moment, then, after removing the long curls of light hair which veiled her face, she covered it with kisses, murmuring in a soft voice, but with an accent of ineffable tenderness—

"Poor, dear soul, her heart did not deceive her, her presentiments were true. Alas! why did I not put faith in her words? Oh, my adored daughter! I alone am the cause of this frightful misfortune. Forgive me, forgive me!"

And two burning tears, which the feeling of her position had been unable to draw from her, fell on the girl's forehead. The latter feebly opened her eyes.

"Mother," she murmured, in her childish voice. "Oh, mother, how I am suffering!"

"Alas, poor darling!" Dona Emilia replied, "I am suffering too; but what should I care for pain if I knew you were in safety? I am accustomed to suffer, while you, alas!—"

She ceased, and a sigh burst from her bosom. The maiden continued—

"Courage, mother; perhaps all is not lost yet, and one hope is left us."

"A hope, poor child! Yes," she replied, bitterly, "that the men who hold us prisoners may take pity on us, and kill us at once, instead of torturing us."

"But," Dona Diana said, whose strength was gradually returning, and who felt her courage coming back, "Don Melchior is not a prisoner. He has escaped."

"I saw Don Melchior fall by our side, beneath the blows of one of the ferocious men who captured us."

"He is dead!" she exclaimed, with a shriek of terror and despair.

"No, no," her mother objected eagerly, terrified by this grief, "I hope not. Perhaps he has succeeded in escaping."

"Oh, no, I do not believe you, mother. He must be dead, since he is not by our side. Don Melchior would never have consented to fly and abandon us."

"It is probable, my child, that he has fled, in order to fetch assistance. What could he have done, alone, against these men? Nothing. He would have fallen without any advantage for us or himself. His flight, on the contrary—and I really believe that he has succeeded in escaping—leaves us a hope."

The girl shook her head doubtfully.

"You wish to restore my courage, thank you, mother," she answered, "but it is not necessary. I am strong, and shall be able to endure without a murmur the sufferings which fate has in store for me."

"Very good, daughter. I am pleased to hear you speak in that way. Rise, my child, these men only respect the stoical courage of the condemned wretch who laughs amid his tortures; so we will not give them the spectacle of our weakness. By haughty behavior we may succeed in inspiring these men with respect, if not with commiseration."

The girl rose with passive obedience.

"Alas!" she murmured, "I am not like you, mother; I feel that my strength is not equal to my courage."

"Let me speak to these ferocious men; the fear with which I have so long inspired them is not yet extinct; perhaps the step I am about to take will prove successful."

"Heaven grant it!" the maiden murmured, as she clasped her hands fervently, and raised her eyes to heaven.

Dona Emilia walked towards the Indians, who, collected at a respectful distance, watched her movements with ill-disguised anxiety. A singular scene then took place. In proportion as Dona Emilia advanced towards them, the Indians fell back, though without breaking the circle they formed; at length one of them, bolder than the rest, stopped, and placing the butt of his gun on the ground, said, in bad Spanish, to the lady who was still advancing—

"What does the pale face squaw want? why does she not remain by the fire? The night is cold; it will be better for the stranger to remain where the warriors placed her."

"Who are you, dressed in the garb of civilized men, although your features are those of a ferocious Red Skin?" she answered haughtily. "By what right do you address me before I spoke to you? If you have any influence over the men who surround us, order them to retire and let me pass, before my patience is exhausted."

"The warriors must not let the pale face squaw pass until the return of the chief."

Dona Emilia smiled disdainfully.

"Do you not know who I am?" she said. "The Wacondah is with me; he inspires the words I utter. Tremble, lest you arouse my anger."

"The Wacondah loves the Indians," the Red Skin replied timidly; "he would not wish to do them harm."

The warriors listened to this conversation with interest, although they did not dare to take part in it. Dona Emilia made her daughter a signal to join her; the latter obeyed, and tottered up to her mother's side.

"Courage!" the latter said.

Then she drew herself up, her features assumed an expression of indescribable haughtiness, and her eyes seemed to flash fire, as she said—

"I order you to let me pass; you must obey me."

She moved a few steps forward. The Indians fell back without breaking line.

"Do you refuse?" she asked, as she looked imperiously at them.

No one answered.

"Good," she said, with a strange expression. "Recognize the power of the Queen of the Savannah."

With a movement rapid as thought, she drew a vial from her bosom, and threw a portion of the contents upon the Indian who was standing motionless a couple of yards from her. The Red Skin uttered a terrible yell, raised his hands to his face, and, falling to the ground, writhed in fearful agony. The Comanches were alarmed. Although they had seen Dona Emilia's motion, the vial she held in her hand was too small for them to notice it. Not knowing to what they should attribute their comrade's fall, all their superstitious terrors returned to them. They rushed towards the wounded man; his face was horribly burnt. They uttered a cry of horror, and fled in all directions, having but one thought, that of escaping as rapidly as possible from the glances of this strange creature, who by a mere gesture could produce death.

"Come, come, my daughter," Dona Emilia said; and dragging Dona Diana, who mechanically followed her, she ran off to the spot where the horses of the Indians were hobbled. The miracle performed by Dona Emilia was very simple. Being incessantly exposed to fall into the hands of the Red Skins, she always carried about her a vial of sulphuric acid—probably intended to destroy her own life, in the event of the Indians resolving to torture her, after their wont, if she fell into their power. The desire of saving her daughter suggested to her this way of displaying her power, and inspiring these stupid men with a terror of which she would take advantage. The experiment was perfectly successful.

The two ladies hurried down the hill, leaving behind them the unhappy man, who was uttering atrocious yells, and reached the spot where the horses were tied up. With a decision which could only be expected from an exalted character like that of Dona Emilia, she cut the thongs of two horses, lifted her daughter on one, and herself leapt on the back of the other.

"Thank heaven," she exclaimed, with an outburst of delight, "we are saved!"

"Not yet," a voice, gloomy as a death-knell, replied.

Several men dashed out of the chapparal, caught the horses' bridles, and stopped them dead, at the moment when Dona Emilia was about to start. These men, who appeared so suddenly, and so unfortunately for the two fugitives, were the Stag and the warriors who had set out in search of him. Falling at once from a paroxysm of joy into the last stage of despair, Dona Emilia and her daughter endured frightful suffering, and in a second passed through all the agonies of despair.

But the haughty Spanish woman, struggling against her grief, overcame by a stoical effort the suffering which seared her heart like a red-hot iron; comprehending that she was overcome, that any attempt at flight had become futile, if not impossible, she disdained to continue the struggle, and giving her foes a glance filled with all the hatred boiling in her breast, she resolutely dismounted, and going up to her daughter, who lay motionless before her, she raised her in her arms, and went up the hill again with a slow and measured step. What we have related had passed so rapidly, Dona Emilia had acted with such resolution, that the Indians stood stupefied, still holding in their hands the bridles, and unable to utter a word or make a noise. At length the Stag regained his coolness and presence of mind. Leaving the horses to be taken care of by his comrades, he ran towards the two ladies, who were already some ten yards distant.

"Stop!" he shouted to them, "stop!"

They obeyed without a word.

"It is useless for you to ascend the hill again," he said, "for we are going to set out."

"I do not ask you for any explanation," Dona Emilia said, dryly; "you are the stronger, so act as you please."

"That is what I intend doing," the Stag replied, with an expression of dark fury.

"Oh, mother," the girl whispered in Dona Emilia's ear, "do not irritate this man, for we are in his power."

"He is a dog!" Dona Emilia replied, contemptuously; "I despise his anger and brave his hatred; he can do nothing to me."

The Indian broke into an ill-omened screech, without replying otherwise to this dire insult. He pointed to the foot of a tree, intimating to his captives that they were to sit down there; then he went away, followed by his two comrades, and the ladies remained alone. Dona Emilia was too conversant with Indian habits to commit the fault which any less experienced person would doubtless have done. Sitting by her daughter's side, whose head rested on her shoulder, and whose hands she held firmly clasped in hers, she made no second attempt at flight, as she was well aware that the Indians never watch a prisoner so carefully as when they pretend to leave him alone. The Spanish lady looked sorrowfully around her, let her head fall on her bosom, and fell into gloomy and despairing thoughts.

The cause of the Stag's sudden departure was simple. Informed by the warriors who met him of the events which had occurred during his absence, his first care was to go to the Indian whom Dona Emilia had disfigured. The unhappy man was in a pitiable state; he was writhing in fearful agony, and uttering heartrending cries.

"Is my brother suffering greatly?" the chief asked him.

"Yes," the injured man howled. "I am suffering horrible pain. That woman is most certainly the evil genius of our nation."

"Yes, but her hour has arrived; her punishment will soon begin."

"Oh, I should like torture resembling mine to be inflicted on her."

"She shall suffer a hundredfold more. My brother's tortures are as nothing compared with those I reserve for her. Is my brother satisfied?"

"Yes, I am glad to know that I shall be avenged."

"Is my brother still suffering greatly?"

"More than ever. If honor did not forbid a warrior killing himself, I should have already buried my knife in my heart."

"Good! what my brother cannot do I can, to render him a service."

"Will the chief consent to do me that service?" the Indian asked, doubtfully.

"Yes, to be agreeable to my brother, whom I love, I would consent."

"Oh! in that case the chief must not delay, for my agony is becoming more and more unendurable."

"Be it so; let my brother prepare."

"Stay," the Indian remarked, "help me to rise. A Comanche warrior must die standing."

"That is true," the chief answered.

He bent over the warrior, seized his arm, and helped him to get on his feet. By an extraordinary effort of will the Indian succeeded in overcoming his pain. He drew himself up proudly, and turned to the chief—

"Strike," he said in a firm voice, "and may the Wacondah protect you for the service you are doing me at this moment."

The Stag drew his knife, and plunged it into the warrior's heart. The blow was dealt with such certainty and skill that the Red Skin fell dead at his chief's feet without a sigh.

"Poor wretch!" the latter muttered sadly, as he wiped his knife-blade on a tuft of grass, and returned it to his belt. "I could not refuse him this service."

After this melancholy funeral speech the Stag began digging a hole, in which to lay his comrade's body, as he did not wish to leave it exposed to the insults of wild beasts. The last duty accomplished, he went down the hill to rejoin his captives.

In the meanwhile the Indians had fled in all directions, suffering from the panic produced by Dona Emilia's energetic action, but the two warriors sent by the Stag in pursuit of them soon overtook them. It took considerable time, however, before they succeeded in making them consent to turn back, and enter again the presence of a woman whom they regarded as an evil genius. It required all the diplomatic skill of the chief's emissaries to convince them, combined with the influence which the son of Running Water, the most revered sachem of the tribe, had over them. When the young chief joined the captives, the warriors were already mounted, and drawn up a short distance off, only awaiting his return. The latter saluted them with a wave of the hand, and then ordered the bridles of the two horses to be removed, after which he went up to Dona Emilia, and pointed to the animals.

"Mount," was all he said.

This order must be obeyed.

"My daughter and I will ride the same horse," she remarked. "My daughter is weak, and I will support her."

"Be it so," said the chief.

Dona Emilia mounted, placed her daughter in front of her, and holding her tightly to her bosom, made her horse start without awaiting the chief's signal. The Comanche smiled, and followed her with his detachment. Dona Emilia, though a captive, seemed still to command these men, who regarded her with superstitious terror.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

THE ABBOT'S POOL.

IN SIX CHAPTERS.

CHAPTER I.

She will weep her woman's tears, she will pray her woman's prayers;
But her heart is young to pain, and her hopes will spring again
With the sun-time of her years.
—*Mrs. B. Browning.*

"It is quite true, my dear," said the Vicar of Sedgbrook, as he stretched out his slippered feet, and sank back in his arm-chair to enjoy the warm fire and cheerful room, doubly appreciated after a long day passed in traversing muddy lanes from one outlying hamlet to another of his scattered country parish; "it is quite true; I met Denbigh this afternoon at the quarry cottages, and asked him if I were to wish him joy; and he said 'Yes, it is just settled.' He seems in very high spirits, in his quiet, stiff sort of way."

"Well, of course I am not surprised," said Mrs. Carter, who sat at the tea-table. "I must go the first thing to-morrow and tell Elise that I wish her joy."

"You can't forgive her, I know, for taking a second husband," said the vicar, smiling. "Now, I respect her sense for putting herself into the hands of a clever, well-to-do man like Denbigh, who will always be able to take care of her and maintain her."

"Maintain her! So like a man!" cried Mrs. Carter; "always taking the mercenary common-place view of things! However, in this instance, I am quite disposed to forgive the poor little thing—only when one compares Mr. Denbigh with Herbert Clavering!—"

"Well, my dear, really, if you come to that, Clavering was a good little fellow enough, but Denbigh—"

"Oh! if you go by height and size, and thews and sinews, there is no doubt which has the advantage; Mr. Denbigh is by no means little—nor particularly good either, I should say."

"You don't appreciate Denbigh, Mary; I assure you he is a first-rate fellow."

"As far as cleverness goes, and all that, I have no doubt he is. I suppose nobody doubts that he is the cleverest doctor in Slowshire. "I can't conceive what makes him content to stay in this poky little place. But I can't bear those stiff, iron-gray sort of men, with eyes that pierce like gimlets. Now there was something cheery, frank, and sunshiny about Herbert Clavering. As to this man, I don't like him, and I never did, and I never shall."

"If Mrs. Clavering does, that, happily, is of more importance."

"Yes, *if* she does; but in ninety cases out of a hundred a woman's second marriage doesn't mean that she has forgotten number one, or cares for number two, only that she can't bear being miserable."

"But, my dear Mary, do consider what a mere baby poor Elsie was when she married first—only sixteen on her wedding-day. I should not wonder if Denbigh were the true love, after all."

"Maybe; there is no accounting for tastes. Ah, dear, dear! Doesn't seem only yesterday, John, that you married those two happy-looking young creatures; Herbert Clavering and sweet, pretty Elsie Willis?"

"Four years, my dear Mary."

"And only four months of happiness for the poor little thing in all that time! How bright she looked, didn't she, on her wedding visits? and how sure she seemed that all was to go right, and he was to get an appointment where she could be with him; and then, when he had to go off at twelve hours' notice, what a weary waiting it was when the Amethyst did not arrive at Hong Kong in proper time. Odd, by-the-by, that Mr. Clavering should have come here as Mr. Denbigh's friend! They were school-fellows, don't you remember?"

There was a pause, during which the vicar had moved to the tea-table, and was busied in carving ham and dispensing poached eggs. Presently Mrs. Carter spoke again.

"I suppose Mr. Denbigh has always been in love with her. In those days he was dependent upon his uncle, you know, and he could not have married. And don't you recollect how queer we thought it that he would not come to the wedding, though the bridegroom was his friend? However, I dare say he won't make a bad husband; though I must say, John, I think he might come to church now and then, if it were only once a year."

"Yes, that is a flaw in Denbigh's character, certainly. You know I have remonstrated with him about it before now; but, as he says, it is not easy to manage so as to make the services fit in with his other duties. Yes, I know, my dear. I understand all you mean by that look; but live and let live. We must judge people by their own standard."

"Must we? I thought there was only one standard for everybody."

"Well, for that matter," retorted the vicar, "*I* don't read anywhere that we are commanded to judge. People must do what is given them to do, my dear; and, if Denbigh's faith isn't all it might be, he has charity, which covereth a multitude of sins; he is thoroughly kind, and careful, and conscientious among the poor; and that is saying a great deal, let me tell you."

"You are too tolerant for me," said Mrs. Carter, with an expressive little shrug of her shoulders. She had never given in her allegiance to the vicar's rather broad church views. There was a long pause, till she spoke again, in a lower and more earnest tone.

"John, one thing does strike me. Is it certain that the poor man is really dead? Is Elsie justified in marrying again?"

"My dear Mary," said her husband, laughing, "if he is not dead, what do you suppose has become of him? It is two years, or nearly so, since we heard of the loss of the Amethyst."

"True," assented Mrs. Carter, thoughtfully. "Well, I hope it is all right. What a shame, though! Poor Herbert Clavering! Here am I wishing that he may be dead! John, that all comes of these hateful second marriages; they make one wish all kinds of horrid murderous things."

The meal being by this time ended, Mr. Carter rang the bell, and ordered candles to be taken into his study. His wife settled herself to her evening's work, but still, as she plied her needle, her thoughts were busy with the sad little village romance of which a new chapter seemed to be opening.

Meanwhile, the two parties principally concerned, whose affairs were the engrossing topic of conversation among all classes in Sedgbrook, were happily oblivious of every human being except themselves.

Elsie Clavering had lived almost all her short life in the Churchyard Cottage, as it was called: a picturesque, ivy-grown, inconvenient little abode, close to the churchyard gate. There her grandmother, the widow of a former vicar, had received her in her orphan babyhood; there her young husband had seen her, and wooed her, and won her, all in the course of his fortnight's visit; there he had left her during the voyage which had ended so fatally; there she had continued to reside, first with her grandmother, and alone after the old lady's death; there she was seated now, on a low chair close to the cheery fire, which lighted up the little square parlor with a comfortable red brightness. She looked very, very young to have passed through the greatest joy and sorrow of a woman's life—younger even than her twenty years warranted. Hers was the soft, fair, flower-like beauty which seems to belong to childhood. It was difficult to believe that the thin black dress which set off her dazzling fairness was worn for a husband, or that the bright locks, which curled down on her shoulders, were too short to plait or twist, because they had so lately been cut, and tucked away under a widow's cap. No doubt she had known anxious days and watchful nights, but they had left no traces on the fair young face; there was a sweet pensive gravity on the drooping eyelids, with their heavy dark fringe, and on the quiet mouth; but the delicate tint on her cheek was fresh and healthful, and there was not a furrow on her brow to tell of the heart-sickness of hope deferred. Her lover sat close beside her, on a seat lower than her own, so that he was almost at her feet. The contrast was striking, between her peculiarly fragile youthful beauty and the dark middle-aged gravity which made him seem much older than he really was.

"Let it be the fifteenth, Elsie," he was saying; "life is very short, and my last four years have been almost more than a man can bear. I shall never rest till you are quite my own."

"What are you afraid of?" asked Elsie.

"Anything, everything—a ghost from the grave, I think. When I was a boy at school, Elsie, I used to think, as the holidays drew near, that I never should live till the day came. I think I feel the same now about our wedding-day."

"Let it be just as you wish, Philip," said Elsie, with a little sigh. "I shall be very, very thankful. You do not know the rest and comfort it will be to me to begin my new life, with you to care for me, and with duties to do. I have been so very unhappy for such a long time."

The tears filled her eyes, and rolled down her cheeks; but he caught her in his arms and kissed them away; he called God to witness that not a cloud should come across her sky when she was his wife; he vowed that when her life was in his keeping, it should be one long summer's day of brightness. His vehemence seemed to scare her; she drew back, shrinking, from the clasp of his arms.

"Do not talk so," she said; "you frighten me. Who can tell what Heaven has in store for us? I have learnt not to build too much on happiness, and, above all, not to think much about the future; it is not in our own power."

"It is more in our own power than you think," Philip Denbigh answered. "I believe that to wish a thing intensely, perseveringly, to the exclusion of every other thought and feeling, brings it to pass oftener than people suppose."

He checked himself, for a pang of self-reproach struck on his heart as he asked himself, had not his love for Elsie taken the form of just such a longing, and had not his passionate wish been fulfilled at a fearful cost? He spoke smilingly, and in a lighter tone, as he said:

"We see when a man's fate is too much for him; but who can tell how many times a man's intense will conquers his fate?"

Perhaps it was a relief to both of them, that their *tete-a-tete* was interrupted by the entrance of a kind little old maiden lady who lived some miles off, and who had lately come, at Mrs. Clavering's request, to remain with her till her marriage. Elsie was never so happy as when her lover was with her, but she was sometimes scared by the vehement expressions which she could not echo and could hardly understand. In the presence of others he was wholly undemonstrative, and his conversation—which was of books, and all the literary and scientific subjects of the day—far above the usual Sedgbrook level, was delightful to Elsie; who, though not clever herself, was very appreciative, and of the sweet teachable nature which mankind most values in a wife or sister. To Philip Denbigh her very presence brought an indescribable charm and delight. She suited him exactly, to use the commonplace phrase; in grander language, she satisfied every craving of his nature. Her sweet beauty, her gentle yielding temper, her soft repose, so unlike his own vehement concentrated nature, were all delightful to him.

The old uncle who had left him his practice, together with a house, a garden, and a field, all known by the name of The Abbot's Portion, had also given him an education rather beyond the requirements of a village surgeon. His skillful treatment of a very difficult surgical case had since brought him under the notice of some high medical authorities in London and Paris; he had been repeatedly urged not to waste his talents in that remote country region, but to avail himself of more than one opening which had come in his way. Hitherto he had invariably refused; some thought from a feeling of loyalty towards old Sedgbrook where a Denbigh had been the village doctor ever since the year one; others thought (and

with more reason) because he could not endure to leave the place where Elsie Clavering was bearing her long trial.

When he wished her good-night on this evening, he said, "I shall have more spirit now, Elsie, and more ambition. Shall you break your heart if I carry you off from old Sedgbrook some day?"

"No, I shall carry my home with me," she answered, looking up in his face with her pretty smile.

"I should like to give you a sunnier home than dingy old Abbot's Portion," he said. "I should like my Elsie to take her place some day among the ladies of the land."

With a fond good-night he left her, and was soon in the churchyard, which led on the other side, through a turnstile and a narrow lane, into the main street of the village. Following this for some way, he then turned up another narrow lane, and in a few minutes found himself at the little white gate which led, through a narrow strip of garden, to his house. It was a quaint building of a dull red color, with heavy old-fashioned windows in settings of gray stone. It had once been attached to a religious house, as farm or guest house, and hence its peculiar name. The little entrance-hall and a dingy square parlor looked towards the road; an ugly little excrescence of modern growth had a separate entrance to itself, and was the surgery. Two large low sitting-rooms at the back looked, across a small garden, to the field which completed the domain. That field was dreaded by the youth of Sedgbrook, for in one corner was a black-looking pool of water which, tradition said, was of unfathomable depth; it was surrounded on three sides by high banks, and overhung by an elm-tree, on which, according to the same tradition, the last abbot had been hanged, his body being afterwards flung into the pool, which had borne his name from that time. Of course his ghost "walked," and no threats or promises would have induced a Sedgbrook lad to venture near the haunted spot after dark. To this superstition Mr. Denbigh was indebted for a great deal of tranquillity, as the place, being a famous one for blackberries in autumn and for skating in winter, and at all times delightfully perilous to life and limb, might otherwise have been more popular with the village youth than would have been at all agreeable to the inhabitants of Abbot's Portion.

As Mr. Denbigh let himself in, he was met by a comely looking elderly servant with a candle in her hand; a broad-faced, rough, kindly West-country woman, once his nurse, whom he had summoned two years before, on his uncle's death, to act as housekeeper for him, while her husband accompanied her as groom, gardener, and factotum.

"What, Isott, not gone yet?" said her master, in the quick short manner which was habitual to him. "I thought I told you never to wait for me."

"I be just agoin', sir; my master, he 've bin to bed most two hours agone," was the answer, in a brisk good-tempered voice and a broad Slowshire dialect.

"Has he? Then I advise you to follow your master's example as quickly as you can."

She lingered a minute, looking wistfully at his face. Then, she caught his eye, broke into a broad smile.

"Bain't I to know nothing, sir?" she said; "there were a body here to-night as says the volks be talking."

"Well, the folks are right for once. I am going to be married, Isott."

Isott's sly smile became more sly still, and demurely she replied—

"I could 'a tell'd ye that a six months agone."

"It is only just settled," Philip said, impressively. "What is the matter now?" as the old woman stood fidgeting with the corner of her apron.

"Now I be to turn out, I warn't," she said, in a grumbling tone.

"No, indeed, Isott; Mrs. Clavering is most anxious to keep you on. But we will discuss all that another time. Be off now, and let me lock the door after you."

The old servant lingered, as if anxious for a little chat, but she knew of old that "master 'ood be minded," so she obeyed.

He held open the front door, and let the rays of his candle fall on the dark wet lane, until the click, click of her patten ceased, and he knew that she had reached the cottage where she and her husband lived, and which was only on the opposite side of the narrow road. Then he shut the door, and, taking the light, went into the larger of the two back sitting-rooms, and looked carefully around. The furniture was solid and ugly, the paper and carpet were worn to a general dull brownness of hue; but the windows opened on the garden, and the mantel-shelf was of dark old oak, quaintly carved. Altogether, the room had capabilities. He looked around it with a feeling of restless feverish happiness. Often and often, and for very long—too long!—had he planned how it could be fitted up, so as to be worthy of Elsie. To see her there had been the one vision of his life; for that faint uncertain hope he had lived, and saved, and denied himself everything; every sixpence that he could spare had been laid aside for the decoration of this shrine, long before the day when he knew that his goddess was free to receive his homage.

Seldom, very seldom, does such idol-worship take possession of a man's nature. Still more rarely is it followed by a blessing!

CHAPTER II.

So the hours came and the hours went, and brought the eve of Philip and Elsie's wedding-day. It was to be a quiet wedding, as all felt that any rejoicings would be out of place after so brief and sad a widowhood. Mrs. Clavering herself, though thankful and content at heart, would have shrunk from anything like bridal display.

The few weeks which intervened between the announcement of his engagement and his marriage had been spent by Philip Denbigh in busy preparations for welcoming home his bride. All was completed now; the house was brightened up to receive its new mistress; the two maids who were to assist old Isott were engaged to come at the end of the week's holiday, which was all that so busy a man could spare for his honeymoon; nothing remained for him to do but to pay a last visit to all his patients, and to complete the final arrangement with Mr. Scott, the Slowcombe surgeon, who was to attend them during his short absence. It was well, perhaps, that all these things kept him so hard at work from the late winter's dawn until the early twilight, that he had scarcely time to think; for he was haunted on this last day of his unmarried life, by the feeling he had described to Elsie: an unreasonable doubt and dread lest the happiness, so close before him, never could be his.

He had told Elsie that he would be too busy to see her that day; but splashing home late in the evening from a visit to a patient, and seeing a light still in her drawing-room, the temptation was strong upon him to go in and wish her good-night, especially as he felt a jealous fear lest, on this last evening of her widowhood, the old love and the old memory might be rising up to trouble her peace. The maid admitted him, and, hastily passing her, he opened the door of the little parlor. Mrs. Clavering was sitting in her usual low chair by the nearly dying fire, but crouching forward, her face buried in her hands, evidently weeping, though silently. Philip's heart grew cold, and his face white and set, at this sight; he had nearly turned to go without betraying his presence, but at the moment Elsie looked up, saw him, and, with a little cry of relief, hurried across the room to him; resting against him as he took her in his arms, like a little frightened child that had found its protector.

"Oh, I am so glad you are come!" she whispered, with a fresh burst of tears.

"I began to think I had better not have come," he said, stiffly, for jealousy made his heart sore.

"Why?"

The innocent wondering eyes met his for a moment, then drooped as she held out her left hand, and showed the third finger slightly swelled and reddened round the wedding-ring.

"This is it," she whispered. "You know you made me promise to take it off before to-morrow, and I tried. But look; my finger has swollen round it quite suddenly, and do what I will I cannot move it. I am very silly, Philip, but I could not help crying. Is it not a bad omen?"

"An omen very quickly put an end to," said Mr. Denbigh, producing from his pocket a case of uncomfortable-looking instruments. "I will nip it off for you in a moment."

But Elsie held back her hand.

"No, Philip," she said, pleadingly, "please let me keep it on till to-morrow. If it does not come off easily before we go to church, you shall take it off for me then; but I can't quite say good-by to the old life till I begin the new one."

There was a pause; then Philip took her hands almost roughly, and held her from him while he looked searchingly in her face. It blushed under his gaze, though again the eyes were raised fearlessly and wondering.

"Elsie," he said, in a hoarse voice, "if your heart is gone down into the grave with that other man, say so. Do not let me give all and get nothing."

"Oh! have you been fancying that I was fretting?" Elsie exclaimed. In a lower tone, and as if her own words almost frightened her, she went on: "Could you think so, Philip? Don't you understand that I am only sorry, and grieved, and angry with myself because I do *not* feel as I ought? Yes, you were right in what you said; that was a child's love, and this is the real grown-up love; and now this about my ring seemed like reproach."

"You are making me much happier than I can express," was all her lover could answer.

"And I hope—I do hope—my feelings are not wronging his memory," she whispered on. "I did care: you know I did. But, oh, not as I care for you."

She looked up at him with such a look of trust and affection as those sweet eyes had never given him before. Doubts and fears vanished, and for once his restless passionate heart was at peace.

Elsie Clavering had spoken the truth in the avowal she had just made. Her sailor lover, gay, buoyant, and rather shallow, had been too like herself in temperament to command the reverence with which Philip Denbigh had inspired her. The days of her first short bright wooing had passed by, stirring only the surface of her nature, and leaving its depths to be fathomed in a later hour.

"She is happy, she is really and truly happy now!" thought her lover, as he walked home through the darkness of the foggy January night. "She will be a thousand times happier than that poor fellow ever could have made her. Fate has been good to us both. She would have been utterly thrown away on poor empty-headed Clavering, whose sailor admiration of beauty was just stirred by her pretty face, but who would have liked any other well-looking girl just as much as my pearl, my darling, the only woman in the whole world to me! I have won her at last—at last—after all these years! Only this one night more to be lived through, and to-morrow—to-morrow!"

An early hour had been fixed for the marriage, in order that it might be as quiet as possible; it was hardly nine o'clock, when Mrs. Carter, almost the only invited guest, arrived at the church, and took her place in the vicarage pew. It was a raw black morning, with a biting wind, threatening snow. The vicar's wife was shivering under all her wraps, and half sobbing besides, for she had a keen feeling that the eternal fitness of things, and, above all, the dignity of womanhood, were outraged by the purpose for which she had come there; and that Elsie Clavering, by all the rules of feminine propriety, was bound rather to have died of a broken heart.

"Oh! if John were to die, would I ever, ever forget him?" thought the warm-hearted little woman. She was in the midst of a doleful, and yet rather soothing, vision of her own inconsolable conduct at John's funeral, when a sound in the porch made her turn her head, and she saw the bridegroom entering. But such a bridegroom! Philip Denbigh was at all times pale; but the white, set, ghastly face of the man then entering the porch was as unlike the Philip Denbigh of yesterday as a stiffened corpse is unlike the living-breathing creature. Mrs. Carter was absolutely terror-stricken.

"Good God, this man is going mad!" was the thought which flashed across her. Next moment she smiled at her own fears, when she saw that the doctor's manner was quite collected. But old Isott, who, in her cherry-colored merino and white ribbons, was standing close by, never took her eyes off her master. And she observed what Mrs. Carter did not—that, when he tried to pass the time in turning over the leaves of a prayer-book, his hand so shook that he was obliged to put it down, and that all the while he stood with folded arms awaiting his bride, he was gnawing his under lip. But he was ready in a moment to take his place before the altar when Elsie arrived, leaning on the arm of a kind old gentleman of the neighborhood, who had undertaken to act as father for the occasion. She had chosen a very quiet dowager garb; a dress of silver gray silk, which fell about her in soft rich folds, under the long white burnous; and a few green orange leaves in her small white bonnet prevented her dress from being half mourning. But she could not have chosen any dress which would have set off to greater advantage her childish feminine beauty.

"Surely," thought Mrs. Carter, "she must be startled if she looks at his face." And a sentence which she had not read for years came back to her mind: "For as brent as your brow is, there is that in it that is as near akin to death as to wedlock."

But Elsie saw nothing; during the whole service she did not once raise her eyes. Only once she shrank, when Philip seized her hand with a grasp as hot as fire, squeezing her soft little fingers with a positively painful force. And once again she started when the vicar's impressive voice pronounced the solemn words: "What God hath joined, let no man put asunder." For then the hot hand holding hers suddenly became as chill as death.

It was over. Mr. Denbigh had only to draw his wife's arm through his, and take her down the short path to the churchyard cottage, where she was to change her sober bridal dress for some dark travelling gear more suited to a wintry journey. The seaside place to which they were bound was barely ten miles distant, and the post-chaise which was to convey them thither was ready packed at the door when they left the church, so Mrs. Denbigh did not wonder that her husband hurried her away from the congratulating crowd at the church door, muttering something about making haste lest they should be caught in the snow-storm, now evidently imminent.

When she came down-stairs from her hasty toilet, she found her husband standing by the fire, his face buried in his folded arms, which rested on the mantel-shelf. His attitude was so expressive of suffering, mental or bodily, that she hastened to him, asking if he were ill.

"Ill? No," he answered; but with such a face that she exclaimed—

"You are, I am sure. What is the matter, Philip?"

"I was in the clouds—or in the fire," he answered with a laugh. "Are you ready?"

"In one moment; but look, Philip; I wanted to show you my finger. You see it has only your ring on it now. Last night, the other was as tightly fixed as ever, but in the morning it had slipped off of its own accord. Is it not strange?"

Her husband made no answer; indeed, he hardly seemed to hear her, so intent was he on folding her wraps about her and hurrying her into the carriage.

He leaned back in total silence while they drove up the village street, lined with gazers. His wife saw from the impatient movement of his foot that he was suffering under some annoyance, and thought that he was vexed for her sake by the number of people, who showed their interest, in their rough country fashion, by staring with all their eyes.

"I don't mind, Philip," she said, turning to him. Again the look on his face startled her.

Next moment, as they left the village behind them, and emerged into the quiet country road, he clasped her in his arms.

"Mine at last! There is no power in heaven or earth, my Elsie, that can part us now."

"I had no idea," said Mrs. Carter to her husband, when they talked over the wedding that evening, "that Mr. Denbigh could be so nervous and queer. I always thought him disagreeable, but I never knew him so perfectly odious as he was this morning,—rushing off with Elsie without letting her even say, 'Thank you,' when we were all wishing her joy; and glaring at everybody as if he defied them to look at her. Such horrid bad manners! And all the time did you ever see such a face? I am sure he looked more as if he were going to be hanged than married."

"A man always does look like a fool on these occasions," said the vicar.

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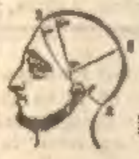
DR. SHERMAN'S inventions are the only established, secure, and comfortable radical curatives for Hernia, or Rupture, in all its varied forms and stages, in persons of every age, without regard to the duration of the disease.

DR. SHERMAN is the founder of the "Marado Grande," Havana, Cuba, established several years since for the treatment, by his method, of this most terrible of all human afflictions, where, from the good result of his personal attention, the afflicted, rather than trust themselves to the care of his pupils, await his periodical visits.

Descriptive circulars, with photographic likenesses of cases cured, and other particulars, mailed on receipt of two postage stamps. jel3-1y



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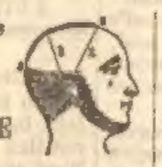

Inventor of the celebrated GOSSAMER VENTILATING WIG and ELASTIC BAND TOUPACES. Instructions to enable Ladies and Gentlemen to measure their own heads with accuracy.

For Wigs, Inches.	*Toupees and Scalps, Inches.*
No. 1.—The round of the head.	No. 1.—From forehead back as far as bald.
" 2.—From forehead over the head to nape.	" 2.—Over forehead as far as required.
" 3.—From ear to ear over the top.	" 3.—Over the crown of the head.
" 4.—From ear to ear round the forehead.	

He has always ready for sale a splendid stock of Gents' Wigs, Toupees, Ladies' Wigs, Half Wigs, Frizets, Braids, Curls, &c., beautifully manufactured, and as cheap as any establishment in the Union. Letters from any part of the world will receive attention.

Private rooms for Dyeing Ladies' and Gentlemen's Hair. no6-eowly

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☞ *The smallest article on our checks can be exchanged at any time for a splendid large Concertina, or a five-bottle revolving silver plated Castor, or twenty-four French Stereoscopic Views.*

We have on hand over a million dollars' worth of goods. The largest and most valuable stock of Linens, Woolens, Cottons, Flannels, Dress Goods, Fancy Goods, Plated Ware, Cutlery, Meerschaum Pipes, &c., &c., of ANY DOLLAR SALE HOUSE IN AMERICA. We import our own goods, and can sell in large or small quantities at importers' prices. *This never has been done before*, and is causing a complete panic among wholesalers and retailers, wherever our goods are sent. If you wish to buy goods cheap, *Now is the time!* WE ARE BOUND TO SELL! Everything sold at the uniform rate of **One Dollar Each.** Those getting up clubs for other firms will do well to stop where they are, and *send for our Circular.* Our inducements are double those of any other concern.

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AND

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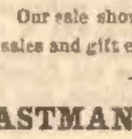
FOR ONE DOLLAR  **XL**

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WIT AND HUMOR.

Teaching a Lesson.

Many good things have been published as the sayings of Judge Dooly, of Georgia, but the following is, so far as we know, new to the types:

His residence was approached by a long lane, some mile and a quarter in length, leading through the plantation, and far from comfortable on the burning August day of the incident. A neighbor, possessed of more lungs than brain, rode down this lane, and without dismounting at the yard gate, some five hundred feet from the dwelling, he began to call aloud and wave his hat, as if a house was on fire. Judge Dooly came out in great haste to learn the cause of the noise, and was saluted with, "I say, you haven't seen Mr. Williams about here to-day, have you?"

"No," said the judge.

"Well, that's all I wanted," said the fellow, as he rode off.

Dooly waited until he was nearly out of sight up the long lane, and then commenced to blow a horn which hung in the porch; and when the horseman turned to see what it was, the judge in turn began to beckon with his arms, and shout for him to return, which he did at full speed. Arriving again at the yard gate, Dooly called out to him, "Come up here, I want to speak to you!" So the man dismounted, and came up to the porch. The judge paused in his walk, and said, fiercely—

"No, sir! I have not seen Mr. Williams, and hang me if I want to see him! That's all, sir; you can go now."

A Queer Hymn Book.

A good joke is told of a preacher in Nebraska, who had dined with a friend just before afternoon services. As it happened, this friend occasionally luxuriated in a smile of the ardent, and sometimes carried a morocco-covered flask in his overcoat pocket.

By mistake the minister took the friend's overcoat for his own on his departure, and, walking into the pulpit, began the exercises without doffing the garment, it being rather chilly in the room.

Looking very ministerially over his congregation from behind his spectacles, he began drawing from his pocket, as he supposed, his hymn-book, with the introductory remark that the congregation would sing from a particular page which he had selected before-hand.

The minister held the supposed book up in full sight of the congregation, and attempted to open it sideways, but it was no go.

The situation was realized in a moment, but, alas! too late.

His reverence was dumbfounded, the audience giggled, and the whole scene was made ludicrous by a fellow in the back part of the congregation, not altogether too sober, who drawled out:

"Say, Mister, kin we all (hic) jine in that ar' hymn?"

Daniel Webster's Generosity.

"Darnel Webster," remarked old Colonel Gumpey, as he trimmed a quid of tobacco and fastened it securely between two decayed teeth in the *left* side of his mouth, "Darnel Webster was a great man. There wa'nt nothin' mean about him. I've hearn him talk, but twan't his talk so much as his ginerosity that tuck me. He had a kinder careless way like, that kept him from gettin' rich. He never seemed to think what things cost. I was acomin' up in the Hudson river boat along with him once, and in the mornin' Darnel Webster and me was washin' our faces and slickin' our ha'r in the cabin, and he took out a tooth-brush and brushed his teeth. I didn't see no other tooth-brush around, so I borrowed his'n. And after I used it I handed it back to him, and what do you think? Why, Darnel Webster just slung that tooth-brush into the river. And I s'pose next day he went and bought him a new one. That's all he cared about money! There ain't no such men as Darnel Webster living now," concluded the colonel meditatively, as he spirted a stream of tobacco juice into the fireplace at the other end of the room.

Medical Anecdote.

The late Dr. Jenner, having discontinued his professional attentions upon a patient on account of her improved condition, sent a couple of ducks to the mother of the convalescent lady, accompanying the present with the following note:

I've despatched, my dear madam, this scrap of a letter
To say that Miss Lucy is very much better;
A regular Dr. no longer she lacks,
And therefore I've sent her a couple of quacks.

The lady addressed returned thanks with this:

Yes, 'twas polite, truly, my very good friend,
Thus a "couple of quacks" to your patient to send;
Since there's nothing so likely as "quacks" (it is plain)
To make work for "a regular doctor" again.

Political Anecdote.

Judge Andrews tells of an occasion when, to use a Southern phrase, he was "taken down" by one of his audience during a political address. He was a candidate for governor of his state, and was explaining to a large crowd how his friends had pressed him to be a candidate, and that the office was seeking him, and that he was not seeking the office.

"In fact," exclaimed he, "the office of governor has been *following* me for the last ten years!"

Just then a tall countrymen in the audience arose and shouted, "But here's yer consolation, judge: you're gainin' on it all the time, and it will never catch you!" The prophecy was literally fulfilled.

How He Would Eat Them.

On a certain occasion Hon. Alexander H. Stephens, of Georgia, was engaged in a political discussion with Hon. Benjamin F. Hill of that state, when the latter charged him with saying that he (Stephens) could eat Judge Cone for breakfast, himself (Mr. Hill) for dinner, and Governor Cobb for supper. To which Mr. Stephens quietly replied: "I never said it; but if I had, the arrangement of the meals would have been somewhat different. I should not have taken Mr. Hill at dinner, where he has placed himself, that being the heartiest meal of the day. In fact, I should prefer him for supper, in accordance with that wise rule of medicine which prescribes a *light diet* to sleep on!"

TWO SIDES TO A QUESTION.

SQUIRE.—"Your name Smith?"

SMITH.—"Yessir."

SQUIRE.—"Ah, I understand you're the man who gives so much trouble to my game keepers!"

SMITH.—"Ax yer pardon, Squire, your keepers is much more trouble to me!"

Ellen Tree and the Oil Lamps.

The following anecdote of Ellen Tree is told by Mr. Smith, in his sketchy volume entitled "Theatrical Management in the West and South for Thirty Years:"

Gas had not been introduced into St. Louis in 1845, and our oil lamps at the wings had a dangerous way of flaring up in a most unruly manner, occasionally threatening to set fire to the lamp-ladders, and thus endanger the building. The lamps were open "floats," with wick-holders coming up from the bottom, and the oil, when heated, would take fire and burn up in a large flame. To guard against accidents we had a tub of water placed on each side of the stage, with a large swab or mop in it ready for use at any moment; and scarcely a night passed without a swabbing being required. The wing hands (subordinate stage-carpenters) were instructed to keep a strict watch over the wing lamps, and to use the *swab* promptly whenever occasion might require. Besides these watches, every actor and actress felt a deep interest in the swabbing process, and it was not an unusual thing to see Richard the Third or Hamlet, just before entering upon the stage, catch up a swab and dash it upon the rising flames, which, if not attended to, were likely to burn up the Tower of London, or the royal palace of Elsinore.

Miss Tree was performing the part of Juliet, and had taken her station (Act 2, Scene 2) on the balcony, for the purpose of enjoying the fresh night-breeze after the fatigue of the ball which had concluded in the previous act, and to think of the young pilgrim who had so greatly interested her during the festival, when, casting her eyes over the way, she saw that one of the wing lamps was just beginning to flare up, and all eyes being fixed upon her, there was imminent danger of a conflagration. The fair Juliet had taken her seat on the balcony, but was observed to fidget and turn in her chair in a most un-Juliet-like manner, calling off through the window behind her, in a loud whisper, for "somebody to get the swab!"

Romeo, who had entered from the right-hand side, and had not seen the flaring lamp, went on with his speech, interrupted from time to time by the lovely Capulet.

Romeo—"She speaks, yet she says nothing. What of that?"

Juliet (Aside)—Where is Mr. Sol. Smith? Will somebody call him?

Romeo—"Her eye discourses. I will answer it."

Juliet (Aside)—Will nobody get the swab? We shall all be burnt up.

Romeo—"I am too bold; 'tis not to me she speaks."

Juliet (Aside)—No: it is to somebody to bring the swab. Where is Mr. Sol. Smith?

Romeo—"See how she leans her cheek upon her hand. Oh that I were a glove upon that hand, that I might touch that cheek!"

Juliet—"Ah me!" (Aside)—We'd better not go on. Where is the swab?

Romeo—"She speaks! Oh, speak again, bright angel!"

Juliet—(Aside)—If that swab isn't brought this instant, I'll come down—I will. Ah! there's Mr. Sol. Smith with the swab at last.

Romeo—(Speaks the balance of the speech, unheeded by Juliet, who is watching the swabbing.)

Juliet—"Oh! Romeo, Romeo, wherefore art thou, Romeo?"

(Aside)—Thank heaven, the danger's over; the swab has saved us!

"Deny thy father and refuse thy name"—and so on.

The Eye of an Eagle.

The eyes of all birds have a peculiarity of structure which enables them to see near or distant objects equally well, and this wonderful power is carried to the greatest perfection in the bird of prey. When we recollect that an eagle will ascend more than a mile in perpendicular height, and from that enormous elevation will perceive its unsuspecting prey, and pounce on it with unerring certainty; and when we see the same bird scrutinizing with almost microscopic nicety an object close at hand, we shall at once perceive that he possesses a power of accommodating his sight to distance in a manner to which our eye is unfitted, and of which it is totally incapable.

If we take a printed page, we shall find that there is some particular distance, probably ten inches, at which we can read the words and see each letter with perfect distinctness; but if we move this page to a distance of forty inches, or bring it within a distance of five inches, we shall find it impossible to read it at all; a scientific man would, therefore, call ten inches the focal or focal distance of our eyes. We cannot alter this focus except by the aid of spectacles.

But an eagle has the power of altering the focus of his eye just as he pleases; he has only to look at an object at the distance of two feet or two miles in order to see it with perfect distinctness. Of course, the eagle knows nothing of the wonderful contrivance which the Creator has supplied for his accommodation; he employs it instinctively and because he cannot help it. The ball of his eye is surrounded by fifteen little plates, called selortoic bones; they form a complete ring, and their edges slightly overlap each other. When he looks at a distant object, this little circle of bones expands, and the ball of the eye being relieved from the pressure becomes flatter; and when he looks at a very near object, the little bones press together, and the ball of the eye is thus squeezed into a rounder or more convex form. The effect is very familiar to everybody; a person with very round eyes is near-sighted, and only sees clearly an object that is close to him; and a person with flat eyes, as in old age, can see nothing clearly except at a distance. The eagle, by the mere will, can make *his eyes* round or flat, and see with equal clearness at any distance.

☞ "How do you like the character of St. Paul?" asked a person of his landlady during a conversation about the apostles. "Ah! he was a good old soul, for he once said, you know, that we must eat what is set before us, and ask no questions for conscience sake. I always thought I should like him for a boarder."

☞ "I don't see as anything is the matter with this plum pudding," said a fellow at a Thanksgiving dinner. "Well, who said there was?" growled out his neighbor. "Why," said the first, "I concluded there was—you all seem to be running it down!"

☞ FEMININE.—"Why, Hans, you have the most feminine cast of countenance I have ever seen." "Oh, yah!" replied Hans; "the reason of dat is because my mother was a voomans."

☞ To things which you bear with impatience you should accustom yourself, and by habit you will bear them well.

AGRICULTURAL.

Keeping Cider Sweet.

Noticing a recipe in the Prairie Farmer for last week for keeping cider sweet by means of adding "grated horse-radish in the proportion of a tumbler and a half to a half barrel of cider," and fearing that many barrels of this delicious and healthful beverage might be injured thereby, I venture to caution all who love a mug of good cider—as who does not?—against its use.

That there is a substance in horse-radish which arrests the fermentation of cider and other substances liable to pass into the acetous fermentation, there is no doubt. And it is equally true that horse-radish ordinarily imparts a most nauseous and disagreeable flavor to the cider which it preserves, making it alike unpleasant to drink and useless for vinegar making.

The flavor of the tender roots of horse-radish when dug in early spring and eaten on ham, is agreeable to the taste of most persons, but cider flavored by the tough woody roots of horse-radish dug in the fall, is about as palatable as ice-cream flavored with onions or rice pudding eaten with pepper sauce. I speak of things whereof I know when I condemn cider preserved in this manner. Few people relish tomato catsup on buckwheat cakes or mustard in coffee, but either is to be preferred to horse-radish in cider.

Again, horse-radish is not reliable even for keeping the cider sweet, as the quantity of the preservative principle is variable in different specimens of the root.

Perhaps the best substance for keeping cider sweet, that can be readily procured in almost any locality, is mustard, added in about the proportion of a pound to a barrel. If the cider is not of good strength, half a pound will do. It is best to put the cracked seeds in a long muslin bag and drop it into the bung hole of the barrel. By this means the seeds are retained in the barrel. Ground mustard will not answer the purpose, as the oil, which is the preservative agent, is extracted before the seeds are ground.

Another excellent substance designed to effect the same result is the bisulphite of lime. This agent works to suppress fermentation by means of the sulphurous acid of which the sulphite of lime is in part composed. When sulphur is burned in the air it unites with the oxygen and forms sulphurous acid; salts of this acid are called sulphites. But this acid has a disposition to unite with another proportion of oxygen and form sulphuric acid, the salts of which are called sulphates. We see the like of this in the unions which other things beside sulphur form; for chemical substances, like politicians, seem to have a natural inclination to run to extremes. So easily, indeed, does sulphurous acid change to sulphuric and consequently the sulphite of lime to the sulphate, that it is necessary to keep this salt in a sealed bottle.

This substance, which has lately come into general use, in the manufacture of sugar and sorghum molasses, acts to retard the souring process by seizing upon the oxygen of the air which is within the cask, and which would otherwise change the sugar of the cider first to alcohol and finally to acetic acid. The same end may be attained in part by burning a stick or rag covered with melted sulphur in the cask previous to filling it with cider.

Independent of these methods, all of which aim to abstract the oxygen—a substance the name of which signifies acid former—the liability of all fruit juices to pass into fermentation may be diminished by freeing them from the pulp of the fruit from which they are expressed. This may be accomplished by taking care to properly clarify the juice by repeatedly straining it before it is barreled and racking it off by means of a syphon after the pomace or lees have settled to the bottom of the cask.

It must also be borne in mind that the lower the temperature to which the cider is exposed, the less is the liability to sour.

R. W.

Walking Horses.

The best gait a horse ever had for every-day use is a good walk. It is a gait that not one in ten possesses. Colts are not trained to walk in all of the Eastern states. Young America wants more speed. Kentucky has more good walking horses than any other state, for there horseback travelling has long been in fashion for men and women, over a country where muddy roads at times rendered any other gait impossible, and so horses have been bred for the saddle and trained to a walking gait. This is also the case in all the Western states, and perhaps might have been so in New England when our grandmothers rode to meeting on a pillion behind our grandfathers. But one-horse wagons have put horseback riding out of fashion, and now a good walking horse is more rare than one that can trot a mile in 2.40.

At the Springfield, Mass., horse show of 1860, the writer was one of the committee to award prizes to the two best walking horses. Out of seventeen entered, the committee found but one which was considered a first-rate walker. This was a Morrill mare, which walked five miles an hour with ease. Two others were fair walkers, and the rest knew no gait that could be called walking. At the New York State Fair the same state of facts was again developed. A letter from Wisconsin says: "I think horses trained to walk fast would be a greater benefit to our farmers in general than fast trotters, as almost all of their work has to be done with a walk." I once knew a man in Massachusetts who, before the railroads were built, kept from two to four teams at work on the road, and never allowed them to trot at all, and made the distance in quicker time than his neighbors, who made their horses trot at every convenient place. He said that when a horse commenced to walk after a trot, he walked much slower than his common gait, if kept on a walk, and thereby lost more than he gained. Will farmers think of this, and pay more attention to walking horses?—*Farmers' Home Journal.*

A Thing of Beauty.

Joshua Hall has a prairie farm three miles due east from Tipton, Iowa. When he first settled there, there was not a tree growing upon the tract. Nine years ago he devoted—some said sacrificed—eight acres around his farm, to young evergreens, such as balsam fir, Norway spruce, arbor vitæ, Scotch and Austrian pine. These were set so as to leave winding walks and drives, and liberal open spaces were left for strawberries, small vineyards and flowers. The trees are now well developed, branching low, and running up in pyramidal form, fifteen to twenty feet in height. There are almost one thousand of them, standing as sentinels around "Uncle Josh," protecting him from the winter winds and the scorching suns of summer. The birds nestle in them in spring time, and the soft zephyrs of eventide, after the toil and heat of summer days, shall breathe their music into his soul, and lighten his toils, and gladden his days, and they will sing their requiems over his grave, and make his name immortal.

I was told that these evergreens thus adorning the prairie, and making glad the hearts of all beholders, had raised the value of surrounding farms from five to ten dollars per acre. Do they pay?—*Prairie Farmer.*

RECEIPTS.

CHRISTMAS PLUM PUDDING.—A pound of suet, cut in pieces not too fine, a pound of currants, and a pound of raisins stoned, four eggs, half a grated nutmeg, an ounce of citron and lemon-peal, shred fine, a teaspoonful of beaten ginger, half a pound of bread-crumbs, half a pound of flour, and a pint of milk; beat the eggs first, add half the milk; beat them together, and by degrees stir in the flour, then the suet, spice and fruit, and as much milk as will mix it together very thick; then take a clean cloth, dip in boiling water, and squeeze dry. While the water is boiling fast, put in your pudding, which should boil at least five hours.

TO WASH FLANNELS.—Wash them in warm water, rather above luke-warm, in which the soap has been boiled or dissolved, and not to rub the soap upon the woolen. Rinse them thoroughly in water rather hotter than that in which they have been washed; this removes the soap from the material, instead of allowing it to remain and get hard, as it does if the last water is not decidedly hotter than the first. This plan will also be found to succeed perfectly with fleecy or Berlin wool; but then we generally wring the different articles or skeins by twisting them up in a linen cloth, so as to avoid straining the wool, and do not dry them too quickly. But the important point is certainly getting them thoroughly free from the soap, which would otherwise thicken and stiffen in the fine pores of the wool.

THE RIDDLER.

Enigma.

I am composed of 19 letters.
My 17, 5, 8, 15, 9, 6, 14, 18, is a town in Iowa.
My 2, 13, 1, 6, is one of the United States.
My 7, 16, 17, 19, is a girl's name.
My 15, 10, 11, is food for stock.
My 4, 2, 14, 8, 13, 3, 14, will be cherished in the hearts of all good Union men.
My 8, 3, 6, 19, 12, 13, 14, was a Brigadier General in the Western army.
My whole is the name of a reader of THE POST. J. M. U.

Springfield, Iowa.

Riddle.

My first is in Paris, but not in France.
My second's in Schottish, but not in dance.
My third is in lance, but not in spear.
My fourth is in ale, but not in beer.
My fifth is in sorrow, but not in sad.
My sixth is in father, but not in dad.
My seventh's in garden, but not in yard.
My eighth is in minstrel, but not in bard.
My ninth is in Patrick, but not in Pat.
My tenth is in kitten, but not in cat.
My whole is the name of a large river in North America. A. L. ROCKY.

Arithmetical Problem.

If 30 acres of grass pasture 40 horses 50 days, and 60 acres pasture 70 horses 80 days, how many acres will pasture 90 horses 100 days, the grass growing uniformly all the time? ARTEMAS MARTIN.

Franklin, Venango Co., Pa.

☞ An answer is requested.

Problem.

A bale of cotton weighing 1667 lbs. is given to a manufacturer to be spun. The manufacturer is to be paid 13 cents per lb. for what yarn he makes, and is to make 14 oz. of yarn to each lb. of cotton. He is to keep so much cotton out of the bale as will at 10 cents per lb. pay him for spinning the remainder on the above terms. How many pounds must he keep?

WM. H. MORROW.

Irwin Station, Pa.

☞ An answer is requested.

Conundrums.

☞ How does a newspaper support a candidate? Ans.—With its *columns*.

☞ What was the first thing made in the mint? Ans.—A start.

☞ Why are young widows like a band of Ethiopian minstrels? Ans.—Because they do not stay long in black.

☞ What is the best stimulant for the hare. Ans.—The greyhound.

Answers to Last.

ENIGMA—Niblo's Garden. GEOGRAPHICAL REBUS—"Better late than never." (Brocken, Exe, Tripoli, Toledo, Elton, Ratisbon, Lipari Islands, Arco, Trinidad, Elbe, Tse-kae, Helvellyn, Altorf, Nazareth, Nice, Edenderry, Vuna, Esk, Rio Tinto.)

Prize Problem—Award of the Prize.

The prize for the "best, complete, correct Algebraical or Analytical solution" of my Prize Problem, proposed May 30, 1868, is awarded to Mr. A. Hall, of the Naval Observatory, Washington, D. C. He finds the radii of the required circles to be 4.2729, 5.3206, and 5.7221 feet respectively.

Yours, truly, ARTEMAS MARTIN.

Franklin, Venango Co., Pa.

SPLIT-PEA SOUP.—Take beef bones, or any cold meats, and two pounds of corned pork; pour on them a gallon of hot water, and let them simmer three hours, removing all the scum. Boil one quart of split peas two hours, having been previously soaked, as they require much cooking; strain off the meat and mash the peas into the soup; season with black pepper, and let it simmer one hour; fry two or three slices of bread a nice brown, cut into slices and put into the bottom of the tureen, and on them pour the soup.

CHICKEN AND HAM IN JELLY.—This is a nice dish for supper or luncheon. Make with a small knuckle of veal some good white stock. When cold, skim and strain it. Melt it, and put a quart of it into a saucepan with the well beaten whites of three eggs; a dessert-spoonful of Chili, or a tablespoonful of tarragon vinegar, and a little salt. Beat the mixture well with a fork till it boils; let it simmer till it is reduced to little more than a pint; strain it; put half of it into a mould; let it nearly set. Cut the meat of a roast chicken into small, thin pieces; arrange it in the jelly with some neat little slices of cold boiled ham, and sprinkle chopped parsley between the slices. When it has got quite cold, pour in the remainder of the jelly, and stand the mould in cold water, or in a cool place, so that it sets speedily. Dip the mould in boiling water to turn it out. Do not let it remain in the water more than a minute, or it will spoil the appearance of the dish. Garnish with a wreath of parsley.

A TURKEY STEWED WITH CELERY.—Choose a fine hen-turkey, and stuff it with the same forcemeat as for veal, viz.: four ounces of bread-crumbs, the grated rind of half a lemon, a quarter of an ounce of savory herbs, minced fine, salt and pepper, two ounces of butter, and the yolk of an egg. All these ingredients to be well mixed together. Skewer the turkey as for boiling, and put it into a large saucepan filled with water, and let it boil until tender. Take up the turkey and put it into another saucepan, with sufficient of the water in which it has been boiled to keep it hot. Wash well about four good-sized heads of celery, put these into the saucepan with the rest of the water in which the turkey has been boiled, and stew them until tender. Take them out and put in the turkey, breast downward, and let it stew for a quarter of an hour; place it on a hot dish before the fire, thicken the sauce with butter and flour, and a breakfastcupful of cream, put it in the celery to warm, and pour the sauce and celery hot over the turkey.

WAFER GINGERBREAD.—Equal quantities of flour, butter, treacle, and loaf sugar. The butter, sugar, and treacle to be made warm, then mixed with the flour; add the grated rind of a lemon, ginger to your taste, and some candied citron and lemon cut into small pieces. Butter the tins well, and run this mixture thinly over them. Bake in rather a quick oven. When done, remove the gingerbread with a knife, cut it into square pieces, and roll them over a stick, in imitation of wafer cakes.